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THE

UNIVERSAL

PICTURE GALLERY:

COMPRISING ENGRAVINGS FROM THE

WORKS OF THE BEST MASTERS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

"Prometheus of the pencil—life and light!
Flow from thy touch, in gorgeous hues arrayed,
The bursts of grandeur dazzling on the sight—
Or in rich veils of rainbow-coloured shade—
Or sunbeam's glory—or the moonlight's throne!
Or day—or night—thy splendours are thine own."—F. MULLER.

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THIS VOLUME

IS HUMBLY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

TO

ROBERT VERNON ESQ.;

FROM THE CONVICTION, THAT TO NO MAN COULD THE

UNIVERSAL PICTURE GALLERY

BE A FITTER TRIBUTE

THAN TO THE LIBERAL AND ENLIGHTENED DONOR OF THOSE SPLENDID WORKS OF

BRITISH ART

WHICH COMPRISE

"THE VERNON GALLERY,"

BY

HIS OBEDIENT AND OBLIGED SERVANTS,

THE PUBLISHERS.

402994

ADDRESS.

In presenting this volume to the public, the Editor feels that but little apology is necessary; for, although most of the Engravings have appeared in another form, he flatters himself that such is their inherent truthfulness and beauty, that united to such attractive information upon their origin, style, history, or feeling, as will enable the reader to appreciate their peculiar excellence and value, they will be welcomed as a slight exposition of that growing taste for the beautiful in literature and art which is the characteristic of the day.

It is the mission of art to embody and realize the ideal creations of the poet; indeed, the artist must be more or less a poet, expressing by form and colour that which the writer educes by words; and to bring both art and literature to the homes and firesides of the many, is the aim and object of the present work.

CONTENTS.

		Painter.	Engraver.
	Illustrated Title	WILLIAM HARVEY.	T. GILKS.
1	The Warrior and Child	T. HILDEBRAND.	W. J. LINTON.
2	Children and Flowers	EDWARD MAGNUS.	"
3	The Three Marys	CHARLES LANDELLE	"
4	Sunday Morning in the olden time	D. M'KEWAN.	T. GILKS.
5	Peter the Hermit	DE KEYSER.	W. J. LINTON.
6	The Fairy-struck child	GOODHALL.	"
7	Francisca of Rimini	ARY SCHEFFER.	"
8	Astonishment	W. HUNT.	"
9	The Finding of Moses	KÖHLER.	"
10	The Village Merrymaking	FRITH.	G. MEASOM.
11	Imogen entering the cave	W. WESTALL, R.A.	W. J. LINTON
12	Faust and Margaret	ARY SCHEFFER.	"
13	Duke Adolphe of Gueldres	REMBRANDT.	"
14	Crossing the Brook	F. TAYLER, R.A.	"
15	Neglected Genius	W. HUNT.	"
16	Scene from Schiller's Robbers	VON KAULBACH.	"
17	The Translation of St. Catherine	H. MUCKE.	"
18	The Skirts of the Forest	T. CRESWICK, R.A.	"
19	The Vesper Hour	ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.	"
20	Puss in Hopes	W. OWEN, R.A.	"
21	Bo-peep		"
22	The Disgrace of Clarendon	E. M. WARD, A.R.A.	"
23	The Minstrel's Curse	MUCHEN.	"
24	The Erl King	NEHR.	"
25	Luther, Melancthon, and others translating the Bible	LABOUCHERE.	"
26	The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania	NOEL PATON.	"
27	The Candidate and Elector		"
28	The Lesson	FRANK STONE.	"
29	Belisarius	GERARD.	"
30	The Barber	W. HUNT.	"
31	The Music Party	DE LEMUD.	"
32	The Chess Players	J P HASENCLEVER.	"
33	Early Morning on the Italian coast	CLAUDE LORRAINE.	J. TIMMS.
34	The Refugee Family	J. BAPTISTE GREUZE.	T. GILKS.
35	The Cottagers	"	"
36	Paul Potter's Studio	DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.	G. MEASOM.
37	The Murder Discovered	T. LANDSEER, A.R.A.	W. J. LINTON.
38	The Lovers	W. COPE.	"
39	The Infant Hercules	SIR J. REYNOLDS.	"
40	The Trampers	W. HUNT.	"

THE WARRIOR AND CHILD.

This admirable picture is the production of T. Hildebrand, a German painter, whose works have acquired considerable fame in the continental galleries. The subject is suggestive, and recals to our mind those most beautiful lines, addressed to a child, by Joanna Baillie:

"Whose joy art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost sure a friendly playmate find.

And thou must laugh and wrestle, too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.

Well, let it be!—through weal and woe,
Thou knows't not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou, a thing of hope and change."

The poetess seems almost to have anticipated, in the beautiful verses we have quoted, such a picture as the one before us. How well can we imagine the soldier addressing the child in a strain like this, as it nestles, in perfect faith and love, within the shelter of his brawny arm, resting its graceful little head on the steel corslet of the mailed warrior. With what a sweetly confiding smile the babe looks up into the bearded face of the rough soldier, and how tenderly he seems to regard his innocent charge. That indeed is an enviable age when suspicion has no place in the mind!

There is something peculiarly happy in the manner and treatment of this subject, which, though essentially German, has in it enough of feeling and sentiment to claim for it deserved favour at all hands. Having returned from the wars, the warrior has laid aside his sword and helm, and dreams of peace and quiet in his old home: where so much pleasure, where such rest, where such comfort, as in the place of his earliest recollections? all is contained in the one word, home! There is something inexpressibly touching in this fancy of the painter. No longer destined to the fatigues of "glorious" war, he seeks, in the caresses of his little

child, and the fond endearments of his treasured home, a rest from the toil and danger inseparable from a soldier's life. Hildebrand is quite free from the sentimentalities of the modern school of art; and in the pictures he has already given to the world, there is great promise of excellence and future fame.

Unlike that beautiful episode in the Iliad, the parting of Hector and Andromache, the child has no fear of nodding crest, for that has been removed, and in its place a velvet cap graces the manly brow of the warrior playmate.

The contemplation of this picture brings forcibly to mind the blessings of peace and the manifold horrors and iniquities of war:

> "War is a fiend of hideous form—a demon fierce and wild;
> Peace is an angel robed in light, all beautiful and mild!
> That is the harbinger of dark and desolating wrath,
> This makes a Paradise serene to blossom round its path!
> War ever wears a boding frown that brooks no look benign,
> But Peace can claim from sacred love a token and a sign!"

But the time is coming—coming as surely as that to-morrow will follow to-day,

> "When war in all men's eyes shall be
> A monster of iniquity;"

and, with our own Shakespeare, we may truly prophecy, that the day is not far distant, when

> "Every man shall eat in safety,
> Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
> The merry song of peace to all his neighbours."

There is something of expression, not to say resemblance, between the warrior and the child, though at first sight they are so opposite in feature, character, and age. Has the reader never observed, while standing in some old portrait gallery, how the same expression—something, he knows not what, is traceable in all the faces that look upon him from its dusty walls? There, from the old warrior, the earliest recorded portrait, to that beautiful girl in the garden, is there not the same turn of thought, the same characteristic—not remarkable or beautiful, but still the same—in every one? The painter had, no doubt, a glimmering of this fact, when he drew the present subject. So true it is that physical, rather than mental, peculiarities are hereditary and lasting.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

This is a painting by a German artist, Edward Magnus, who has produced several very elegant pictures. The one before us is conceived in the most delicate and poetic spirit, and was deservedly popular at its first exhibition. There is in it a breadth of freedom which especially strike us as the work of a master. The details are finished in the finest, most effective, and careful manner; the extremities are well and naturally drawn; and the whole presents a *coup d'œil* of much grace and beauty. The reader will not fail to observe the remarkable taste and talent with which the engraver, Mr. Linton, has followed in the artist's path.

Children and flowers have ever been favourite themes with both poets and painters; and that Magnus has most truthfully interpreted a genial and graceful idea, let the beauty of the one, and the rich luxuriance of the other, attest.

Mary Howitt has some beautiful lines, which express, in appropriate language, and with an eloquent tenderness all her own, the subject chosen by the artist:

"Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill
With unconstrainéd step, and spirits free!

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently."

Children and flowers: they seem indeed fit companions! Fresh from the hand of God, and as yet untainted by the world or the deceitfulness of riches, how like the buds and blossoms of spring does infancy appear!

The happy time, when

"Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all that in the sunshine live
To God their off'rings raise."

The story is too simple and too well told to need anything further at our hands than drawing the reader's attention to it as a beautiful work of art. The patient admiring look of the girl contrasts well with the playful vehemence of the infant boy, as he is about to dash the flowers to the ground.

The sweet spring time of the year, filling our hearts with joy and gladness, can be likened to nothing so well as the morning of life:

"The spring time comes with garments green, and earth is gaily clad
With golden sunshine smiles, to make the fields and forests glad;
The woods rejoice, bent down beneath a weight of pendant wreaths,
And lambent odours sweetly glide with every air that breathes;
The waters to their murmurs dance, and wanton free along,
Till echo whispers in the vale the music of their song!

And who has never felt the joy that summer ever brings,
When every bird with mirthful glee is on its lightest wings;
When wild flowers springing in the mead and on the upland, come
With beauty's ambient tints to woo the bee's soft gentle hum;
While slumbering on the deep blue sky the downy clouds repose,
Till with a wondrous loveliness enraptured nature glows?"

These lines, by James Henderson, a poet whose name is probably unfamiliar to the majority of our readers, but whose works deserve a wider fame, well express the feelings awakened at this delightful time.

It is a pleasing task, indeed, to prattle on of children and flowers; nor should we fear to tire our readers, so suggestive is the subject of all that is graceful and poetical, but our space reminds us we must be brief on this absorbing theme; we conclude, therefore, by quoting some lines by Mrs. Henry Rolls, a lady, whose productions, though voluminous, are so scattered through magazines and common-place books, as to be almost forgotten by the readers of the present day. Mrs. Rolls lived about forty years since, and was the contemporary of Ann Radcliffe, Lady Burrell, and Mrs. Opie. Her writings abound in striking and poetical ideas, frequently rising above mediocrity.

"There is a smile that o'er the cheek
Of artless blooming childhood strays;
That revels in the dimple sleek;
That charms the mother's tender gaze.

'Tis the bright sun of April's morn
That rises with unsullied ray;
Nor marks the clouds that swift are borne,
To wrap in shades the future day!"

THE THREE MARYS.

This picture, by Mr. Charles Landelle, is conceived in the happiest spirit. The three Marys are proceeding to the tomb of the crucified Jesus; "and they took with them sweet spices to anoint the body of their Lord." And it was "very early in the morning, the first day in the week, and they came to the sepulchre at the rising of the sun." What must have been their astonishment and grief to find the stone had been rolled away that covered the mouth of the tomb, and the body of their beloved Master no longer there. Who shall depict the surprise of Mary Magdalene—that Mary to whom was vouchsafed the high privilege of being the first to see and converse with the reviled and crucified, but now risen and glorious, Redeemer of the world—when the angel addressing her, declared he was not there, but had risen according as he had prophesied. And in the midst of her grief—for she knew not then the purport of the saying that he would rise again on the third day—she turned and beheld her Lord. "Woman," said he, "why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She not knowing him answered, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him." And Jesus said unto her, "Mary!" The sinner whom he had forgiven immediately remembered his voice, and in the intensity of her joy could only answer, "Master!" "Touch me not," said he, "for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; to my God and your God." And Mary Magdalene went and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord. And the mother of Jesus was there, and Mary the mother of James.

It is not our intention to follow the histories of these patient and suffering women, well known as they are to all; but we cannot help imagining how the mind of the mother of Jesus was occupied at this trying moment. All the circumstances of her life must have risen up before her, from the hour when the angel addressed her, "Hail, highly-favoured among women. Fear not. Behold, thou shalt bring forth a child, and shall call his name Jesus. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and his kingdom shall have no end,"—to the moment when, in his last agony, remembering her destitute and forlorn condition, he commended her to the care of his beloved apostle, "Mother, behold thy son!" Could she not sing again the words of rapturous joy: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden; and behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed!"

And Mary Magdalene, too; what must have been her rapture at the sight of Him whom

she had supposed to be lost to her for ever! Gratitude and joy could find no utterance in words, and tears alone could feebly speak her feelings. She, who had been the subject of a special miracle; she, the sinner from whom even the vilest had shrunk away, but who had been welcomed and forgiven by the meek and lowly Jesus; for he "came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance;" she to be the first to welcome the risen Lord! Language has no power to tell the depth of her joy, the intensity of her adoration. The faith she had exhibited, on so many and such interesting occasions, was amply repaid by the sight of her heavenly Lord and Master. And in all time, wherever this gospel is preached, shall her name be known, and her faith be magnified. Behold them in the picture: how sorrowfully they go forth on their melancholy errand, bearing the spices and ointments and sere-cloths with which to anoint and enwrap the body of their Lord. Yet, despite their grief, there is a holy calm and quiet resignation depicted on their countenances. The faith which upheld them was superior to all considerations. The face of Mary Magdalene is beautiful in its upward look; her thoughts are, doubtless, with her Master, in that heaven to which she believes He has ascended. Purified from the stain of earth and sin, the three Marys stand no longer in the fear of death and the grave; and their hearts exult, even in the midst of their grief at this earthly parting, at the thought that they shall again meet him in the kingdom of their Father, where sorrow and sighing shall be no more, and all tears shall be wiped from off all faces.

They doubt not they shall know and be known of Him in the kingdom of heaven, for, as Westland Marston beautifully, and let us hope truly, observes:

"In that realm
Shall all the blest relationships survive
Of kindred and of friendship. The Divine
Is human nature hallowed,—not destroyed.
There the throng,
The brave redeemed from vassalage, may gaze
With conscious love on the Deliverer's brow!
Ah! there no more
Shall chance or death divide, or age subdue;
Or treachery wound, or passion stain—the SOUL!"

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HAPPY was it for man when God created a seventh day, in which he rested from all his labours! A glorious and beneficent boon to all mankind! Think what would be the condition of the fallen sons of Adam, deprived of this holy day of rest. Doomed to live by the sweat of his brow, born in sorrow and nurtured in tears, what would there be in the world worth living for without this day of peace—the glorious type of the rest to be enjoyed by the spirits of the just made perfect, in heaven. The weary and the worn, tired of the miseries to which he is wedded through all his years on earth,—with no hope of rest from his cares, or cessation from the toils which afflict his poor humanity—no Sunday of hope and joy in the which to refresh his overworked and wretched limbs—no day of promise or prospect of relief—would yearn for death, and his vexed spirit learn to repine and complain of the Being who had given him existence. This would be his condition. But Sunday comes; and the man of toil, through all his six days of labour, looks forward to that seventh as a great holy day, in the which body and spirit may be at rest; with opportunity given him in its glorious hours to recruit his strength, and offer to his God a fitting sacrifice of prayer and praise.

Without the boon of the Sabbath, man, at least in civilized countries, would be a discontented and repining being: he would have no eyes for the beauties of this glorious world, no ears for the songs of birds, and no spirit for enjoyment. To him, bent down beneath his load of cares, the summer's sun would shine in vain, and the winter's hearth present no attractions. Woodland and vale; springing fountain and silken flowers; the choral anthem sung by Nature's thousand choristers; and the countless stars that shine in heaven's blue vault, would bring no rapture to his heart, no peace to his mind. His life would be without hope and his home without joy. But the Sunday gives him promise of a better time, and teaches him to look forward with confident hope to that world where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Day of all days; at once a promise and a sign: a promise of eternal rest, and a sign to all Christians that, at its institution, the Jewish dispensation had been superseded. Old things are passed away; behold, all things are new!

"Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord; in it thou shalt do no manner of work." The divine commandment was not, however, intended to restrain men from acts of necessity or mercy, for we find that the Great Master and his disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath day when they were hungered; and at another time, despising the traditions of the Pharisees, the Lord restored the withered

hand of his faithful follower. Remembering these things, we should be lenient to our fellows, and not learn to condemn the shortcomings of others, because their practice does not come up to our individual standard. There may be piety and true godliness without the walls of the church, for God is of no sect or creed, but inhabiteth all space. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

Inspired by such thoughts, the picture before us possesses a peculiar charm. Embosomed in green and bathed in sunshine, the village church rises before us as a sweet realization of what is, more or less, in every man's thoughts—a modest building reared by man in honour of the great God.

"A pile decayed;
Bricks in cunning fashion laid;
Ruined buttress, moss-clad stone;
Arch with ivy overgrown;
Stairs round which the lichens creep;
The whole a desolated heap.
Memorial of olden time,
Telling of the feudal prime;
And the glorious pageantry,
Waking heart and kindling eye:
And the deep and solemn lore
Learned by hearts that beat no more:
Vows of faith, and high emprise,
Knightly valour, lovelit eyes;
Woman's whisper, trumpet's breath,
Noble daring, valiant death;—
More than history can give
With this ruined church doth live."

There needs no explanation; the pencil of the artist tells his tale so well. The groups of worshippers in the quaint costume of a bygone age, coming, at the call of the "church-going bell," to worship at His shrine, are there; the fields, all peace, look bright and beautiful in the glorious light of the Sabbath sun; and the whole presents a picture of peaceful rest and calm enjoyment.

The olden time: alas! *our* time will soon be old to those who follow us.

"Time ceaseless rolls its mighty flood on every clime and shore,
And sceptres sink, and empires fall to rise again no more!
The future's dark and mystic form comes forth amid the light,
And deeds that looked upon the morn are shadows ere the night.
Our brightest hopes, our deepest joys, decay and wither fast,
And leave us but the dreams of days that slumber in the past."

PETER THE HERMIT.

This remarkable fanatic, whose ferocious zeal and fiery eloquence were the initiatives of that series of exterminating wars, known as the Crusades, is supposed to have derived his title of Hermit, less from his anchoretical habits, than from its being the name of the stock whence he sprung. Amiens was his birthplace, where his father, Regnaut l'Hermite, possessed an estate. His acquirements and thirst after learning suggesting the church for his vocation, Peter was confided to the care of his relative, the Bishop of Paris, who, from his elevated position, was admirably calculated to promote the temporal interests of his gifted nephew. The prospect of the secluded life to which he was destined was far from agreeable to the young enthusiast, and he renounced his views of ecclesiastical preferment, his ambition being directed towards military distinction. He quitted the bishop to take up his residence with that prelate's brother, Eustache, Count of Boulogne. Appointed tutor to the sons of that nobleman, he devoted a portion of his time to martial exercises, and soon became proficient in his new calling. A war with Flanders gave him an opportunity of seeing service, and manifesting his hardihood; but his chivalric career was soon obscured by captivity, having the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the enemy.

During his confinement, his mind assumed a tone more in unison with his early impressions than those with which he had been lately imbued. Solemn thoughts upon the state of his soul succeeded to those radiant visions of military fame, by which he had been erewhile dazzled. While in this frame of mind, his heart became touched with a more worldly passion—he was smitten with the beauty of a lady named Beatrice, whom he had the felicity to make his wife. The term of his happiness was short—in three years this union, commenced under such fair auspices, was severed by death; and Peter felt that henceforth earthly things could hold out no enjoyment to him. He sent away his three children to be educated and supported by relations; and, devoting himself to the priesthood, retired to a solitary spot to hold communion with God.

Thus he lived, a hermit in name and in nature. But his character was not a quiescent one; he became seized with an irresistible impulse to visit the Holy Land, and to prostrate himself before the sepulchre of the Saviour. On reaching the Holy City, for admission into which he paid a piece of gold, he went to dwell with one of the humble followers of the reviled Redeemer. When he beheld the Mount of Olives, and other places, sacred by their associations with the sufferings of Christ, he was fired with a pious enthusiasm; but the view of Calvary awakened in him feelings of bitterness and anguish; and, in the words of a

biographer, "he bowed himself to the earth, and wished to die." Deep was the wrath which moved him, when he learned from his host the insults which were hurled upon the Cross by the infidels, and the indignities to which the Christians were subjected. This was confirmed by Simeon the Patriarch; and the result of their conference ended in Peter promising to bear a letter to the Pope, representing to his holiness the sad condition of the Church in Palestine, and imploring him to send it assistance in this time of its dire distress, and to excite a spirit of compassion for their sufferings in the rich and potent sovereigns who were his vassals. Immediately before his departure, he went into the Church of the Resurrection to pray for the success of his enterprise; and, worn down by his incessant labours, he was overpowered by deep slumber. While in this state, it is said that a beatific vision appeared to him; he beheld the Saviour approach, and heard these words of blessed encouragement:—"Arise, Peter; execute with fortitude what thou hast undertaken; I will be with thee, for now is the time I have appointed for the purifying of my Holy City from the pollution of the Turks, and for the relief of my disciples."

On Peter's arrival in Europe, he fulfilled his mission by delivering the letter of the Patriarch to Pope Urban II., by whom the Hermit was at once authorized to preach in favour of the persecuted Christians of the Holy Land, and thus pave the way for the first Crusade.

The Rev. Henry Stebbing says that Peter was distinguished by the "penetrating glance of his eye, and by a deep, stirring, and subduing eloquence, which astonished men, and bowed them to his purpose. Clad in the coarsest raiment, with his head and feet bare, and carrying a crucifix, he traversed the mountain-passes of Italy, rousing the inhabitants of every town and valley to which he came with his awful eloquence. Thence he passed into France; and thousands of people flocked from all quarters, to listen to appeals which filled their hearts with astonishment and holy indignation. They saw in the midst of them a being who, worn to the bone with long travel and suffering, had wept, it was said, tears of blood at the tomb of the Redeemer. He had journeyed thousands of miles to bring the message of their suffering brethren to the church; he had seen visions that seemed to hold his spirit in mysterious subjection; and there he stood, pouring out his denunciations against the enemies of the Cross with the voice of a spirit, and having so little of earthliness about him, that he was beheld with a feeling of fear, as well as veneration. The most signal success attended him wherever he lifted up his voice. Every heart was inspired with the most enthusiastic wishes to share in the holy triumph for which the way seemed opening. All ordinary pursuits lost their interest. Even private rivalships and domestic animosities were forgotten in the new excitement of devotion; and prayers were put up by all orders of men, that means might be immediately resorted to for commencing this sacred enterprise."

The immense sacrifice of blood and treasure, the transportation to the east of the warriors of Europe, and the pomp and magnificence of the armament, which, moved by superstitious reverence, and the hope of acquisition, invaded the Holy Land, are matters of history.

Our engraving is from a picture by the German painter, De Keyser.

THE FAIRY-STRUCK CHILD.

Mr. Goodall's charming and most characteristic picture, "The Fairy-struck Child," was exhibited at the British Institution, two years since, and attracted considerable attention.

Scenes like these awaken interest and inquiry into the habits and manners of the peasantry of the sister isle. Our artists are too fond of travelling to distant countries for the picturesque, while they neglect the many claims of that which exists at home. Ireland is full of the most delightful scenery, and abounds in the most graceful superstitions; for though the belief in fairies is often of harmful tendency, as in the present instance, yet that, and the like displays of ignorance, is often redeemed by the poetic pencil of the artist. In illustration of the subject, we present our readers with the following somewhat interesting sketch:—

a poor cottage, in the wilds of Connemara, dwelt Patrick Ryan and his wife. When they were first married, Patrick was as lithe a looking lad, and Mary as neat a lass as you might wish to see. With the savings of a few years, and with the assistance of his father and some friends, he was enabled to take a cottage and a few acres of land, which he dignified by the name of farm. It was a poor place, a mere hut, but it was in tolerably good repair, and the land around it was of decent quality, as indeed is the case with nine-tenths of all the land in Ireland. In fact, as in the old fable, there was a mine of wealth beneath the turf, which only wanted industry and patience to realize. But Ryan belonged to an impracticable class; with great animal spirits, shrewd intelligence, and a fund of anecdote and wit, united to a powerful and sinewy frame, he possessed but a small portion of that persevering desire to make the best of everything, which has secured to the Saxon, and to his own countrymen in the north, so large a share of the world's possessions. When he took the farm, he found it planted with potatoes, and with potatoes he continued to cultivate it. Without a particle of vice, he was too fond of idly smoking his pipe, and letting things take their course, to become a prosperous man; and his few acres soon lessened in value, till at last he began to complain that things went better with all his neighbours than with himself. The blight came, and the potatoes rotted in the ground; Pat was a ruined man. The rent-day saw him for the first time unable to meet its claims; but he had an easy landlord, and, with the assistance of the relief committee, was soon enabled to recover his loss and commence again.

One would have thought that, with the experience he had purchased so dearly, Ryan would have seen the inutility of again trusting his fortune to the hazard of a second failure. But no; he argued, like many more, that as the land had always been laid down in potatoes, they were, after all, the best crop.

From bad, things soon became worse; and they were obliged to give up possession of the "farm," and remove to the miserable hut in which we see them. All this time he had found an able helper in his folly; for Mary Ryan, though as kind a soul as ever breathed, was, like most women of her class, too ignorant and too idle to see anything wrong in her husband's course of action. She had enough to do, she said, in looking after the "childer;" for, though all things else had failed him, they came regularly enough; far too much so.

But poverty taught Ryan no lesson, he learnt nothing from his falling fortunes but to curse his ill-luck, and grumble at the hard times and the landlords. He was as happy and contented now as he had ever been; and as long as he could procure potatoes and buttermilk, with now and then a few fish, or a bit of bacon, he let things take their own course. He found the dung-heap at his door, and there it remained, growing larger every day; he never gave a thought about its removal; for, though distributed on his scanty patch of ground, it would have amply repaid his trouble, it was allowed to increase and rot, and putrefy the air within his cabin; and it was so handy, too, for the pig to wallow in and fatten. This state of things, however, brought with it a severe retribution. Their youngest child fell ill; and they leant over its little bed with no thought of proper remedies. The old women of the village said it "was not right;" it was "fairy-struck;" and the mother, knowing, or believing, that the darling of her heart was doomed to be taken from her—ill "past all surgery," neglected the proper means for its recovery. A host of superstitious observances were tried; but all her earnest tears and sighs availed her nothing. The doomed angel is stricken and must die. She knows it is nearing death, for its eyes burn so brightly, and its words are so very wise and touching. The priest has been to see it, and recommends fresh air and medicine; telling her the baby is in a decline: but she knows better. The child, as all the neighbours say, is "struck." She thanks the doctor and the priest, but does not take their advice; it is of no use, the child is fairy-struck. And so it dies.

It was a hard trial for the parents, but they learnt no poor man's lesson from their bereavement. Their home gets more lonely and more wretched. Want, bitter biting want, is soon their portion; and their spirits are bowed and broken with their "unlucky" lot.

But better times are in store. On a bright spring morning, a goodly ship is seen to leave the bay of Dublin. Not a ripple is there on the water, as the sun's rays dance and sparkle on its peaceful bosom; and leaning over the side, looking their last on the land of their birth, with streaming eyes, yet grateful hearts, are Ryan and his wife. Not ruined quite; for he goes to seek in another land, and under another sky, that competence denied him in his own. He has learnt a lesson from the past he will never forget—for it has cost him house and child. He has learnt not to depend on aught but the PROVIDENCE OF GOD AND HIS OWN EXERTIONS.

Through the assistance of his friends he is enabled to emigrate: he might have done well at home, but that is past; and now he dreams of love and comfort in the hopeful future. "It is a hard thing, Mary," says he, as he catches a last glimpse of the green isle, "to be obliged to leave one's own land, and be seekin' the stranger's." "Hard, darlin'," says she, "it is; but don't be cast down,—for sure I'll be with ye; and maybe we'll live to come back again to our beautiful home in the west."

FRANCISCA OF RIMINI.

This engraving is from a picture by the Dutch painter, Ary Scheffer, whose profound genius, unlike that of his countrymen generally, seeks the highest school of art for its manifestations. The picture is conceived in the grandest, nay, almost sublime spirit; and the poetic feeling is finely carried out. The subject chosen by the artist is illustrative of a passage from Dante's "Vision of Hell." As the shade of Virgil leads the poet through the hosts of disembodied spirits, and into the second circle of the infernal regions, he says—

"Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise as of a sea in tempest torn
By roaring winds. The stormy blasts of Hell,
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
Their shrieks are heard; their lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good powers in Heaven.
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned in whom
Reason by lust is swayed."

As he watches, this troop of cursed souls whirl past him, as

"When winter reigns
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad."

He requests of his ghostly guide to be allowed to stop for an instant two shades he sees advancing "so light before the wind;" and when, obedient to his summons, they pause before him, he discovers they are Francisca and her lover. Amid the pauses of the whirlwind that is for ever raging in their dismal prison-house, she pours their fearful story into the ears of the poet—

"One day
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone were we and no
Suspicion near us. Oftimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue

Fled from our altered cheeks. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer
Both were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more."

It would be next to impossible to intimate their guilt in a less offensive form of words than those chosen by Dante, who is not always very choice in his expressions.

This episode is well known to the readers of Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem of the "Story of Rimini," and is taken from a passage in Italian history. Francisca, the daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, was given by him in marriage to Lanciotto, the son of Malatesta, the lord of Rimini, a hunchback. His brother Paolo was, however, exceedingly handsome; and Francisca, in spite of her virtuous resolutions, became enamoured of him; and, being suspected by her jealous husband, was suddenly seized and put to death before the eyes of her lover.

The moment chosen by the painter is when the spirits, having told their said tale, sweep into the fathomless abyss with a weeping and wailing sound; the while the heart-struck poet gazes after them with compassionate melancholy. Scheffer has treated the subject with a freedom, boldness and grace, somewhat unusual in these days of feeble purpose and ill-expressed idea. The drapery of the male figure is remarkably well managed, and forcibly reminds us of the Lazarus in Sebastiano's celebrated picture. The story is told, as Scheffer always tells his story, with unmistakeable clearness. The melancholy expression on the faces of Virgil and Dante is admirably conceived; and the figure of the woman is a personification of yielding tenderness, and is so full of touching grief, that the beholder cannot but feel with the poet, that her punishment is greater than her crime. There is a depth of sentiment and profoundly beautiful imagery in this picture, which has seldom, perhaps never, been excelled.

There is much in it also which reminds us of the works of the old masters; a touch. an expression, which forcibly brings before us a memory of Van Eyck or Giotto. In everything Scheffer follows their noble example, with, perhaps, a slight infusion of poetic Germanism, which in no way detracts from the merit of his productions. What fine, sincere, truthful, and honest men those old painters were

Nor has the engraver failed to render justice to this splendid picture; the present illustration is an exceedingly fine specimen of wood engraving.

ASTONISHMENT; OR, THE GHOST-SEER.

In Mr. Hunt's peculiar style he is unapproachable; this is one of that series of boys which has made him so popular. He has achieved a triumph in homely subjects. The truthfulness of his delineations strike us at the first glance, and we immediately acknowledge the hand of a master. Though his designs may appear somewhat rough and broad, yet they assume, upon a closer acquaintance, a far more pleasing shape, and we acknowledge them to be, what they really are, admirable pictures of every-day life. His choice of subjects is generally such as may be easily remembered; and remarkably well does he point the moral of his stories. And that there *is* a moral purpose in all, or most of, his designs, we need only instance "The Boy Praying," which is in itself a sermon.

Mr. Hunt has been a successful exhibitor for several seasons at the Old Water-Colour Gallery, and his pictures always command that ready sympathy which genius is certain to elicit. Whatever be the subject of Mr. Hunt's pencil, we may be sure that morality and truth will always find in him a ready exponent.

The little fellow in the engraving exhibits one of those states of mind, common to the half-educated—that of doubting astonishment mixed with a feeling of superstitious awe, awakened by some strange or remarkable event. The mouth and eyes open in sympathy, and he spills the creamy liquid with the most innocent air imaginable. Really we cannot look into his rustic face without involuntarily pursing up our own into a smile. Mr. Hunt has a capital way of finding the salient points of a subject. The picture has suggested the following lines:—

As round a wintry fire a crowd of rustics sat
Discoursing first of this and then of that:
How such an one upon a frosty day
Had skated all the evening hours away;
Ne'er heeding, as the time flew by, how night
Was stealing o'er him, 'till the waning light
Warned him 'twas time to leave his gallant sport;
(For in December we all know the twilight's short;)
And, as he turned him homewards, jogging on,
Darkness came suddenly and found him all alone.
How not a thought of fear his mind had cross'd
Till on the lonely heath his way he lost.

Then, for the first time in his life, he found
His wonted courage fast was losing ground.
A thousand fancies o'er his vision came
The moor he'd traversed oft seemed not the same:
And every tree a spectral 'pearance took,
As he approached the lonely icebound brook
He had to cross ere he could reach his home,
From which he wished he'd never dared to roam.
Now o'er his path strange figures seem to flit;
And soon the lonely moor with 'fatuus lights was lit;
And hooting owls went flapping past his face,
And screeching night-birds filled with fear the place.

Horror of horrors! all the darksome night
Seems crowding round him in his fearful flight.
And as he speeds away with quick'ning pace,
Fright and alarm give wings to his mad race.
Now as he rushes on with anxious dread
The rain comes pouring down upon his head;
And drenched and dripping 'neath a tree he stands,
And wrings his streaming hair with trembling hands.
Into the gloom he peers with curious eyes;
The beaten track to find he vainly tries:
And, worn and weary with unwonted fear,
Bends o'er the heath his steps so lone and drear.
Courage; a moment more, the witch-tree's pass'd,
He finds a passage o'er the heath at last.
But just as confidence his spirit cheers,
A pale white figure o'er his path appears.
Struck with dumb terror to the ground he falls,
And, half dead, loudly for assistance calls.
A friendly light appears in time, and now
He wipes the drops from off his fear-struck brow.
And by the lanthorn's aid, discovers soon
The cause of all his terror and alarm;
For from behind a cloud the friendly moon
Comes forth, and shows him an extended arm:
Pale in the light there stands the dreaded ghost,
In shape no other than a white sign-post.

The teller of the story loudly laughs,
And the brown home-brew'd beer he gaily quaffs.
And others tell their tales and sing their songs;
And jests and glee the evening's mirth prolongs.
But one was there, a ruddy rosy boy,
In whom the story had awoke no joy;
For on his spirit a strange fear had crept.
And while he listened reason's self had slept.

E'en as he tries to laugh his fears away
His name is called: he hastens to obey.
Off to the barn, across the yard, he hies,
Fear in his steps and terror in his eyes.
Returning with the milk-pan in his hand, he sees
A strange light glancing on the distant trees.
Astonished at the sight, he starts and stops,
And in his fright the creamy liquor drops.
Now loud and angry words assail his ears,
And idle laughter soon provokes his tears,
His coward eyes scarce dare to look around,
And see the milk all spilt upon the ground.
A sense of shame his wakened spirit bows,
As with a candle enters first the maid,
And then the cow-herd from his sheltered cows,
To ask what ghost it was made him afraid?
The mystery of the light was soon made straight.—
'Twas Giles the cowherd's lanthorn at the gate!

Thus may we learn how superstition's power
Wakens strange fancies in the evening hour;
And simplest things will fill us with alarm,
And give to trifles all the signs of harm.
But education soon will win its way,
And bring dark fancies to the blaze of day,
Banishing superstition from the mind,
And giving light to eyes that erst were blind!

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

This picture, by Köhler, represents a remarkable incident in the life of the great Jewish lawgiver; one which, by the interposition of the hand of God, most certainly determined his future career; a career the most interesting of that of any of the Old Testament heroes. From the very birth of Moses we are induced to sympathise with his history; and we follow his adventures with the most absorbing attention: the more so, as his life was a type and prefiguration of that of the Redeemer. The freeing of the Israelites from the yoke of their Egyptian masters by the Saviour of Israel, was typical of that great deliverance from sin and worldliness which was perfected in the life and sufferings of Christ. That which was dark and dream-like to his countrymen becomes to us a present promise and warning; what the Israelites could only understand by the exercise of faith, we see fulfilled by the pure and never-failing light of gospel revelation; and though they could not understand the hidden meaning of the serpent raised in the wilderness, we, by the superior knowledge of a later day, and the blessing of God's written word, discover in that action a type of the crucifixion which revolutionized the world;—and without an entire belief in which our genuflections are but meaningless forms, and our religion but a cunningly-devised fable;—so are the hidden mysteries of God brought full to light; and the ceremonies of the law, which, without faith, were of no avail, a guide for the conduct of our lives, and a rule for the proper performance of our religious duties. Influenced by a strong and ever-present sense of the necessity of his divine mission, Moses seems, in the midst of the most trying circumstances, to have felt that to him was confided the care of his countrymen's deliverance; and, acting out that belief, which was, as it were, a part of his existence, and inseparable from his ministration, he stands prominently forward as a monument of God's mercy to an erring and deceitful generation. His life and miracles were in themselves, without the more manifest presence of the Almighty, at once a great moral lesson and guide to his unbelieving and frequently idolatrous fellow-countrymen; and to us the lesson still remains, surrounded by the effulgent halo of divine instruction.

After the death of Joseph, another Pharaoh reigned over Egypt who knew not the children of Israel; and, fearful lest they should multiply and become powerful in the land, and endeavour to rise against their masters, he oppressed them with grievous burdens, and ordained that all the male infants should be cast into the river Nile. It was at this time that Moses was born. His mother, seeing he was a goodly child, hid him for three months;

and when she was no longer able to conceal him, made a cradle of bulrushes, and putting him therein, laid it among the flags by the river's brink. And while the anxious mother and her daughter were watching from afar off the fate of the little innocent, so loved yet so deserted, the daughter of Pharaoh happened to walk that way with her maidens, and seeing the cradle by the river side, sent one of them to fetch it. Upon discovering that it contained one of the Hebrew's children, she had compassion on it and wept. Her woman's heart was melted with pity for the babe, and she desired a nurse might be provided for the little stranger; and the sister of Moses went immediately and brought his mother. We can well imagine the joy of the fond and anxious parent at this fortunate conjunction of circumstances. Then said Pharaoh's daughter to her, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee."

This is the moment chosen by the artist. The maiden is presenting him to Pharaoh's daughter, while in the distance stands his sister, anxiously watching the effect his appearance is making on the group. The expression of compassion on the face of the royal lady is depicted with great success, and the whole conveys a pleasing and effective picture. The child grew in favour with Pharaoh's daughter, and became to her as a son. And she called his name Moses, which signifies taken out of the water.

It is probable that this man, so providentially rescued from death, would have remained a dweller in the Egyptian court; but God had ordained otherwise. A greater and nobler destiny awaited him, for the Creator appointed him a special agent to lead His chosen people out of the land of their sore captivity; and Moses being come to years of discretion, and being influenced by faith in the promise of the most High, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin in the luxurious court of Egypt. His noble career is too well known to require relation at our hands. Acting out his Divine commission, in the name of the great I AM, he led his countrymen from slavery and Egypt. The passage through the parted waters; the forty years' journeying through the wilderness; the miraculous cloud of flame and smoke; the manna from the heavens, and the water from the rock; the delivery of the tables of the law, and the compilation of his admirable history; the death of the leader on Mount Pisgah, full in view of the country he was destined never to inhabit; the entry of the children of Israel into the promised land, led by Caleb and Joshua, the only two survivors of the toilsome wandering, are they not well known to all?

Of the fact of Moses being the great type of Christ there exists abundant evidence; for he himself says to the people of Israel, when they refused to obey him: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of my brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken." And at the transfiguration upon Mount Tabor, Moses and Elias appeared to the wondering and astonished disciples—Moses, the representative of the dead in Christ, and Elias of the living. Amazing goodness, which leaves nothing for accomplishment which is not made manifest; nothing hidden which should be made plain; nothing doubtful which is capable of contradiction; nothing to hope for or imagine which His goodness has not vouchsafed; nothing necessary for eternal salvation which His Word does not supply.

G.VEASOM.Sc

VILLAGE MERRYMAKING.

This picture, by Mr. Frith, is a representation of one of those joyous festivals so common in our villages a century since, reminding us forcibly of the descriptions so often met with in the pages of Addison and Steele, when young and old were wont to join in mirthful recreation to the sound of pipe and fiddle. The scene before us, though its characteristics are those of a bygone age, is one of so thoroughly English a character, as at once to waken our sympathies and claim our special regard. How heartfelt seems the enjoyment of all engaged. What a host of merry faces crowd upon the sight, making us, for the instant, almost regret they are no longer to be found amongst the bold peasantry of the present day. There, on the village green, within the shelter of the village church, which raises its modest spire above the surrounding cots, are assembled the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood to enjoy the innocent amusements common to their age. How merrily they foot it through the dance; and what a glorious old measure it is, that Roger de Coverley. How blithely the comely maiden and her partner trip through the grove of extended arms; and how simply beautiful is the whole scene before us. Beneath the shade of the over-spreading boughs of that old oak, how lovingly the peasant and his gentle mistress sit hand in hand; while to the left the old gipsey, with hooded cloak—in which reclines in sweet luxuriance the brown-faced babe—is "telling the fortune" of the rogueish-looking lass before her. Upon the grass beside her reclines the village swain, listening with doubting ears and ill-dissembled laughter to the predictions of the old crone, as she reads the lines upon the maiden's palm. What a delightful episode has the painter introduced, in the two girls dragging the hearty old man, with loving and persuasive force, to join the dancers in the distance. And then how calmly the old lady at the tea table gazes on the scene; she is too staid, she thinks, for less quiet enjoyment; and envies not, but delights to see, the merry faces all around her. In the back-ground there are the sturdy labourers enjoying their game at bowls; and ever and anon raising such a shout of congratulation, as the one or other wins a point, as makes the old leaves shake again. How calmly and philosophically the musicians seem to labour at their task, as with busy fingers and untiring breath their well-known melody is trolled forth in the evening air. Really this is a most charming picture. Does it not recal to our minds those old times when our country earned the right joyful name of "Merrie England?" And then that fine old tree, spreading out its brawny arms so lovingly; what a glorious thing to sit beneath its giant shade, and gaze at their noisy but innocent enjoyment. The brave old oaks still stand on many a village green; and retain amid their

spreading boughs the memory of that ancient revelry that once made glad beneath them. There, oft at evening time, the lovers held their secret meetings and plighted vows of never-failing truth; or met at early morn, and gathered primroses to deck the bridal of some younger sister; or held their tryst and broke the silver piece in token of a faith that never dies; or tripped it light in search of fairy rings and such like graceful superstitions. And even in the winter time, as it spreads its gaunt arms to the blast and braves the storm, how nobly the old tree looks down upon the green; and even in the gloom stands boldly still, a monument of time! "Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;" and as the seasons roll away, each in its turn brings promises of joy and gladness on its wings.

Oh, beauteous Nature, in a scene like this how yearn our hearts towards thee! Ever welcome is thy green-clad vesture.

Oh, pleasant grass, I love to lay me down upon thy verdant carpet and muse on Time!

"Thou shalt be
If to none else, exalted unto me.
Common as light and air, and warmth and rain,
And all the daily blessings that in vain
Woo us to gratitude; the earliest born
Of all the juicy verdures that adorn
The fruitful bosom of the kindly soil;
Pleasant to eyes that ache and limbs that toil.
And ye are happy green leaves, every one,
Spread in your countless thousands to the sun."

Beautiful as is the delineation of this Village Merrymaking, and sweet the images that rise to our recollection at sight of it, we look upon it with regret; for we cannot bear to think that such scenes are ours no longer. Despite the awakening interest we take in rural scenes and rural enjoyments, we fear the sportive spirit which animated our forefathers is gone from amongst us never to return. Still let us hope, that as the manners and customs of our rural population change with the times, the introduction of a better and more extended system of education will, with the march of mind, work such improvements in their moral and social condition as must eventually bring back, if not the form, at least the spirit of our ancient institutions. Let rich and poor, at once bearing and forbearing, go heartily hand in hand to the good work, and there is yet hope for the striving millions; and many a merry-making may still be celebrated beneath the gallant trees that decorate and overshadow the broad fields of our Fatherland!

IMOGEN ENTERING THE CAVE.

PERHAPS the most interesting of Shakesperc's hcroincs is she whom Wcstall has so happily depictured in thc cngraving beforc us. The idea of the character is conceived in the happiest spirit; and the work itself is finished with the utmost skill and a nice regard to the peculiar position in which the great dramatist has placed thc gentle Imogen. Thcre is much grace in the timid and convulsive manncr with which she clutches the sword as she cnters the cave in search of food—

> "Best draw my sword; and if my enemy
> But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't."

It is just possible that some of our readers havc forgotten the story of Cymbcline. It may be as well, therefore, to give a slight sketch of the play:—During the time of thc Roman emperor, Augustus Cæsar, Cymbeline sat on the throne of Britain. His first wife died when his children, two sons and a daughter, were very young. Imogen, the eldest of these children, was brought up at her fathcr's court; but, by a strange fatality, her two brothers wcre stolen from their nursery when very young, and their father was unable to discover where or by whom they were conveyed away. Cymbeline entered again into the married state; and when Imogen grew in years and beauty, his queen, a proud and haughty woman, who hated her step-daughter, was yet anxious to unite her to Cloten, her son by a former husband, and by that means secure the throne to her own family. But this design was frustrated by Imogen herself, who married without the knowledge or consent of her father or the queen.

The husband of Imogen was the best scholar and most accomplished gentleman of the court: he was an orphan, who had been adopted by the king, out of respect for the memory of his father, who was slain in battle. His mother died of grief soon after his birth, and he received the namc of Posthumous, because he was born after his father's death. The king, extremely angry on hearing of his daughter's marriage with a subject, immediately commanded Posthumous to leave the kingdom; and Imogen and her husband took a tender leave of each other,—she giving him a ring which he promised should never leave his possession, and he fastening a bracelet upon the arm of his wife, which he desired her to keep till they met again. Posthumous repaired to Rome, where he fell in company with some gay young men; and the conversation happening to turn on the accomplishments of the fair sex, Posthumous affirmed that his wife was the most beautiful, virtuous, and constant lady in the world. Iachimo, a Roman noble, ventured to express a doubt of Imogen's constancy. To show his high regard for his wife, Posthumous laid a heavy wager

upon her truth, which was to be thus decided: If Iachimo, upon his arrival at the court of Cymbeline, could procure the bracelet which her husband had given her, he was to deliver to Iachimo the ring which Imogen had presented him as a token of her love. The noble arrived in Britain, where he was well received by Imogen, as the friend of her husband; but, when he began to talk of love, he was repulsed with disdain. He contrived, however, to obtain admission to her chamber, concealed within a trunk; and, when Imogen was fast asleep, he ventured forth; and taking particular note of everything around, gently slipped the bracelet from off her arm; and, after remarking a mole upon her neck, retired to the trunk again. The next day he set out for Rome. Hastening to Posthumous, he boasted of possessing the love of his wife. Posthumous indignantly demanded proofs; and Iachimo mentioning everything he had observed in her chamber, even the mole upon her neck, ended by producing the bracelet. Her husband could no longer doubt the truth of this artful story, and, in an agony of rage and jealousy, wrote to Pisanio, an attendant of Imogen's, desiring him to take her to a place in Wales, and there kill her; at the same time writing a deceitful letter to his wife, telling her to meet him at Milford Haven. She set out in obedience to his command, and on their way the faithful Pisanio disclosed to his mistress the object of their journey. She was thunderstruck, but consented to do as her attendant wished; and dressed herself in boy's clothes, and tenderly took leave of him. Pisanio gave her what he conceived to be a precious cordial, which had been given him by the queen, who thought it was poison; for she meant to kill Imogen. In this strait the fugitive wandered on, intending to find her way to Milford to meet her husband. Night coming on, and feeling hungry and weary, she came to the mouth of a cave, and entering it, found refreshments, to which she sat down. In this cave lived the two sons of Cymbeline, who had been stolen in their youth, with Belarius, the man who had taken them away; they had been brought up as hunters, and knew not they were the sons of a king. On entering they welcomed Imogen; and she lived many days with them in loving friendship, not knowing they were her brothers. One day, feeling ill, she drank the cordial when they were absent. When they returned they found her pale and speechless; thinking her dead, they lamented her, and laid her on the ground and covered her with leaves. Upon awaking from her trance, for it was only a powerful sleeping draught she had taken, she could not but believe all that had passed in the cave a dream, and went on her way. In the meantime, the army of the Romans had invaded Britain, and were in actual possession of the forest in which was Imogen. Posthumous was with the army which was opposed by the British force, with whom were the two sons of Cymbeline. The Britons were victorious, and the prisoners were brought before the king. Among the prisoners was Imogen's old enemy, Iachimo. She seeing the ring upon his finger, begged as a favour of her father, who knew her not in her male attire, to make Iachimo tell where he had procured it. Upon this he made a full confession of his villany. Posthumous then mourned for his wife—"Oh, Imogen, my queen, my life, my wife, what have I done?" Hearing this she discovered herself; and the king, overjoyed at recovering his lost daughter, freely forgave her husband, and acknowledged him his son. At the same time Belarius presented to him his lost sons, who were received with every demonstration of joy. Thus were again united this happy family; and Iachimo, in consideration of his wicked design not taking place, was dismissed without punishment.

FAUST PERCEIVING MARGARET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

This engraving, from a picture by the celebrated Ary Scheffer, represents a passage from that wonderful drama of Göethe, so popular in Germany. The story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus has ever been a favourite with the people, and the old legend has been immortalized by pen and pencil. The legend goes, that Dr. John Faust, or Faustus, a philosopher of the fifteenth century, to accomplish certain ends, and enjoy the pleasures of the world for a season, with an immunity from care and trouble, sold his soul to the devil. The devil, known as Mephistopheles, always accompanied him, and enabled him to perform all manner of wonderful and magical works, and indulge in the most extravagant and luxurious dissipation till the term of his bargain expired, when he was seized and carried to the infernal regions.

In this legend may be traced an under-current of truth. No doubt there was a real philosopher Faust, who, skilled beyond his compeers in the arts and sciences, excited their suspicions; and, finding no better way of accounting for his apparent miracles, they readily assigned them to the agency of a superhuman power. In fact, so fond have the uneducated ever been of attributing that to magic which they could not understand, that even in our day there are not wanting thousands who implicitly believe in the superstitious doctrines of chance and the absurd theory of ghosts.

To these gifted personages, these workers of miracles and professors of the black art, the superstitious have ever had recourse in cases of difficulty, preferring to be deceived with their eyes wide open than to trust to the unalterable and inevitable decrees of Providence. And these master-spirits, by a species of juggling legerdemain—a mixture of knowledge and cunning—have always found means to satisfy their clients, and so enrich themselves at their expense. Fatality, magic, witchcraft, and the black art, have never wanted professors among the clever and ambitious, or believers among the ignorant and credulous.

This doctor Faust has often been confounded with Fust, or Faust, one of the early printers, who lived about the same time, and was also supposed to be in league with the powers of darkness, when he and Guttenburg issued their first printed books. But the subject of the legend was a different man. He was born at Knittlingen, in Wirtemberg; and is said to have sold himself to the devil for the privilege of enjoying a certain term of fame and pleasure. His adventures filled the whole country with wonder and alarm, and strange and various stories are related of his doings; everything of witchcraft or magic which could be invented was ascribed to his influence; and after a lengthened run of riot and dissipation, he is said to have been carried off with all the accompaniments of fire and storm, and outcries and horror usual upon such occasions.

Out of these materials have been founded a vast number of poems, plays, tragedies, comedies, and even pantomimes. His history was one of the first popular books printed, and has ever since remained an immense favourite with the people.

Of the works which relate to his life and adventures we may specify a few: Lessing, the great German poet, produced a fragment, entitled "Faust and the Seven Spirits;" Müller has a dramatic work, called "Dr. Faust;" Killinger wrote the play of "The Life, Deeds, and Descent into Hell of John Faust;" and Count Soden has a play, "Dr. Faust," besides numerous others by Klingermann, Grabbe Lenau, Brann Von Braunthal, Rosenerantz, Raumer, and our own Marlowe, who wrote a tragedy on the life and adventures of Doctor Faustus. But it remained for the splendid genius of the great German poet, Göethe, to immortalize the name of Faust, by one of the most wonderful spirit-stirring and natural poems ever produced in any language.

Göethe, however, has so humanized the story of Dr. Faust, by connecting it with all that is interesting, marvellous, and supernatural, as well as so much of the domestic life and manners of the Germans, as to make the story entirely his own. All that is grand, sublime, poetical, spiritual, absorbing, and wonderful, he has intensified in his amazing work. But the most interesting part of this celebrated poem is that which relates to the fate of the beautiful Margaret, who, full of loveliness, purity, and affection, falls a victim to the diabolical arts of the devil-philosopher, and is by him loved, wooed, won and ruined. You follow her adventures with untiring sympathy, and, in all her trials, feel that she is an angel in the power of a devil.

The painting illustrates that part of the story when Faust, accompanied by his familiar, first sees the beautiful maiden. She is just coming out of the church, followed by a group of various ages and appearances. There stands Faust, and by his side is the leering Mephistopheles. The scene is thus given in Dr. Anster's translation of the poet's celebrated work:

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

Faust to Margaret passing on.

Fair lady, may I offer you my arm:
And will you suffer me to see you home?

Margaret.

I am no lady, and I am not fair.
I want no guide to show me the way home.

Disengages herself and exit.

Faust.

By heaven, she is a lovely child!
A fairer never met my eye;
Modest she seems, and good, and mild,
Though somewhat pert was her reply.
The red lip bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth hath not departed quite!
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
And her light spirits' lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away!

Mephistopheles enters.

Hearken here, sir! get me that girl, and fast.

Mephistopheles.

The girl!—what girl?

Faust.

She that this moment passed.

Mephistopheles.

What! she? She was but now at church,
At her confession. I was there,
And, hid by the confession chair,
Was listening to her from my lurch.
Poor thing!—she is all innocence—
Had nothing in the world to tell!
With such to meddle is not well.
Her purity is a defence
That leaves the tempter no pretence.
Upon this child I have no power.

Rembrandt ft 1649

DUKE ADOLPHE OF GUELDRES.

Rembrandt, the art-master of his time and nation; the prince of painters; the magic of whose pencil has produced and perpetuated a school of art previously unknown and unattempted, has, in this picture, given one of those early indications of surpassing genius which, for admirable arrangement of light and shade, and the able expression of great passion, have become models for all succeeding artists. The picture forms one of the many splendid works of art which decorate the walls of the Gallery of Berlin, and is little known in this country; it is probably one of an early date, as it is not found in any of the catalogues of the painter's productions—as far, at least, as we have been able to discover. It is considered an exceedingly good specimen of his first style, and for the peculiar distribution of what is called the clear obscure, it is probably unsurpassed by any of his later works. Nor is the art with which the figures are represented less admirable than the management of the light, which, striking boldly upon the uplifted hand and face of the centre figure, is lost in a fainter glow in the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. It is uncertain where this picture was painted; but it bears, as is common with Rembrandt's designs, his name and the date of its production, which is inscribed on the pillar to the right of the spectator.

The subject thus admirably delineated is not easily comprehended without a knowledge of the history to which it refers, which may be thus briefly told:—Adolphe, Duke of Guelderland, lived about the middle of the fifteenth century—about two centuries earlier than the painter, who has recorded this incident in his life—and was the son of Arnold Count d'Egmont, and Catherine of Cleves. From political causes, Adolphe revolted against his father, and obtained, by the aid of a large party among the citizens of Guelderland, possession of his parent's territory and estates. After several severe contests, in which he met with varied success, he took his father prisoner at Grave, in 1465, and threw him into prison. After a long incarceration, Count Arnold, on condition of ceding to his son his entire interest in his possessions, was set at liberty; but not keeping the treaty he had been so unnaturally forced to sign, he was again arrested and conducted to Courtrai, where he was thrown into a dungeon, from whence he was not released till 1743. He did not live long, however, to enjoy his liberty, but died on the 3rd of February in the same year, and was buried in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Grave.

The part of the story taken by Rembrandt is where the unnatural son visits his father in prison, followed by two black slaves, and demands of the old man, with oaths and menaces, possession of his estates; threatening, in case of his refusal, still greater revenge and cruelties.

This Adolphe afterwards married Catherine of Bourbon, by whom were born to him his son Charles, who succeeded him, and two daughters, Philippine and Catherine of Gueldres. The cruelty with which he had treated his aged father drew down upon him the excommunication of Pope Paul II., and subjected his territory to the invasion of the surrounding princes. At the earnest solicitation of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, he consented to release his miserable father, who, as already stated, died soon after. Charles invested Guelderland in 1472, and proving victor, took possession of the person and estates of Adolphe, who was in turn thrown into prison, where he remained till 1477. He was at length set at liberty by Mary of Burgundy, who gave him the command of her troops, with which he attacked Tournai. During the siege he received a mortal wound, from which he died, and was buried in the cathedral church of that city. Previous to the liberation of Adolphe, Charles obtained from the Emperor Frederick the formal investiture of the duchy, in accordance with a treaty he had concluded with Arnold at St. Omer, a short time before his death; the dukedom costing him the sum of 92,000 Rhenish florins.

Thus we see that the ambition, cruelty, and revenge of Adolphe, was bitterly repaid by the same punishment to which he had doomed the grey hairs of his aged father; and even when he obtained his liberation, he found himself a mere hired soldier, without fame, honour, or estate; and met an inglorious death at last, while fighting in a foreign cause.

> "Could men but live with Death before their eyes,
> How changed would be their bearing. Many a word
> Of harsh reproof, and many a scornful look—
> Would be unsaid, unworn!"

Pardon, George F., ed.
The universal picture gallery: comprising engravings from the works of the best masters. n.d

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CROSSING THE BROOK.

This picture, by Frederick Taylor, was exhibited in the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, and is a fair specimen of that artist's powers. The eminence which our countrymen have attained in water-colour drawings has become proverbial, and the designs of this gentleman in no way detract from the just praise which has been accorded his contemporaries. To the facilities which the *material* offers to the artist, may probably be attributed the triumphs obtained in this particular walk of art; for it was in England that drawing in water-colours was first practised, and it is to Englishmen we owe the excellence of the many beautiful specimens annually exhibited, and which far exceed the productions of their continental brethren. The artist in water need trust nothing to memory; with his box of colours beside him he may, by a few rapid dashes of his pencil, transfer to his folio the ever-changing harmony of Nature exhibited in varied clouds and dancing water. The glowing sunset or the early morn, the sombre noon or the calm serenity of evening, may be realized on paper ere their fleeting beauty has departed; for the sketcher's pencil is swift enough to follow nature in her most changeable and capricious moments. Had he to trust to memory—to prepare colours and arrange canvas, to adjust lights and observe temperatures, as the painter in oil is forced to do—the master-pieces of his art, the undying delineations of Turner, Copley, Fielding, Cox or Oakley, might have been lost to us for ever.

The picture before us exhibits a scene common enough in the highlands of Scotland. The herdsman, driving the cattle home in the evening, is seen crossing the brook with one child on his back and leading another by the hand, who holds up her garments as she prepares to ford the shallow stream; while beside him walks the faithful dog, prepared to do his bidding even at a look. The solitude of the scene is only broken by the lowing of the cattle, or the deep short bark of the dog, as he reproves their momentary sport. There is a beauty in the scene, a simple grandeur in the distant mountain, behind which the sun is setting in glory, which forcibly reminds us of quiet walks among old Scotland's lonely hills and heathery vallies. The calm and majesty of night is soon to close upon the landscape; and the cattle safely housed, and their keeper's eyes fast sealed in sleep, the risen moon shall look upon the solitude; and in the sublimity of her chastened light, the homely objects of the place put on a beauty and a glory never known by day.

Mr. Taylor's animals are especially commendable for vigour and correctness, and display the artist's skill on a subject seldom attempted in water-colour drawings. Indeed, the whole picture is one of an extremely pleasing character, and is marked by extraordinary ability and good taste.

The sweet evening time, chosen by the artist, has been ever an inspired theme with poets and painters. And it were strange indeed if Nature, in this her loveliest aspect, could not win from pen and pencil the tribute of undying verse and apt delineation. Lamartine, the poet-philosopher of France, thus elegantly describes the decline of day:—

"The radiant king of day now seeks repose,
Gently descending from his victor ear;
The gorgeous cloud, that hides him from our gaze,
In golden undulating waves, preserves
His trace upon the sky, and sheds around
Purple reflections. Like a lamp of gold,
Suspended in the azure, shines the moon,
On the horizon's edge; her feeble rays,
Sleeping upon the grass. The vest of night
Unfolds upon the mountains; 'tis the hour
When, nature for an instant making pause
Between descending night and flying day,
The brilliant moon in beauty seems to rise,
And, in her eloquent language, offer God
The universal homage of the world!"

And our own Waller has left us some exquisite verses on autumn and evening. As the year is drawing to a close, and the days grow shorter, and the warmth of the sun is less often felt, and the flowers fade, is it not our duty to remember that our own years are also lengthening out their brief uncertain span, and the evening of our lives, come when it will, will come too early for our hopes.

"The flowers must fade; nature will have it so;
'Tis what all we must in our autumn do!
And as the leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found;
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few who lov'd our company:
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them will, when they perish, grieve."

If Mr. Taylor's beautiful picture recals thoughts like these in the minds of its admirers, it will have accomplished a nobler end than was probably anticipated by its painter.

The mountain and the mist reveals
The glory and the beauty of His plan.
Fields, flowers, and flowing water are
A boon beneficent to erring man.
Nature is ever teaching, and her voice
In one harmonious whisper says, Rejoice!

NEGLECTED GENIUS.

Who has not been bored with that social evil, a clever child? Brought in with the dessert, his fond foolish mother takes an exeusable pleasure in tormenting the company with the exhibition of his preeocious talents; and when at last the urchin's tired, or—which sometimes happens, by the bye, to the great relief of well-bred old gentlemen and well-dressed young ladies—obstinate, he is taken bodily away by John or Mary, and quietly put to bed. The visitors, being under no fear of his return, express their lively sense of his amazing genius, and eongratulate the happy parents on the possession of so promising a child. "Really, madam," observes one bland, smiling-looking gentleman—he is deep in her husband's books, by the way—"I almost envy you. I would get married myself if I were sure of rearing so quick a boy;" and the gratified mother smiles and bows her thanks, and the equally pleased father determines, as he smoothes the wrinkles of his glossy hair, not to apply for his little aecount till after Christmas. "It is a pity to press Mr. Simpkins, he is really so polite a man." And one simpering young lady, who acknowledges to forty-five, and dresses like sixteen, shows her white teeth—the mineral suceedaneum warranted not to loosen or change colour—and deelares she was never more gratified in her life. "He is such a dear child, and so like his father, one cannot but admire him;" and pretty girls titter, and young men who have nothing to say for themselves look pleased; and all the eompany, inwardly congratulating themselves on the exhibition being over, are high in praise of the sweet child. But there never was a rose without a thorn; and one old gentleman, in unexeeptionable black, declares it is a pity. "He never knew a clever ehild grow up to be a clever man; the boy so reminds him of the smiling faces carved in stone, with angel's wings, upon the pillars of the church." Giving vent to this untoward expression, the old gentleman smiles, and the eompany look grave; and the young lady of questionable age whispers to the mother, that it is "just like Mr. Crassy, always saying something disagreeable. He doesn't deserve to be a father." And so the thoughts of all are turned into another ehannel; and after a somewhat lengthened pause, their conversation turns upon indifferent subjeets, every one feeling uneasy but the old gentleman in blaek, who smiles to think he has so profitably made his entertainers miserable.

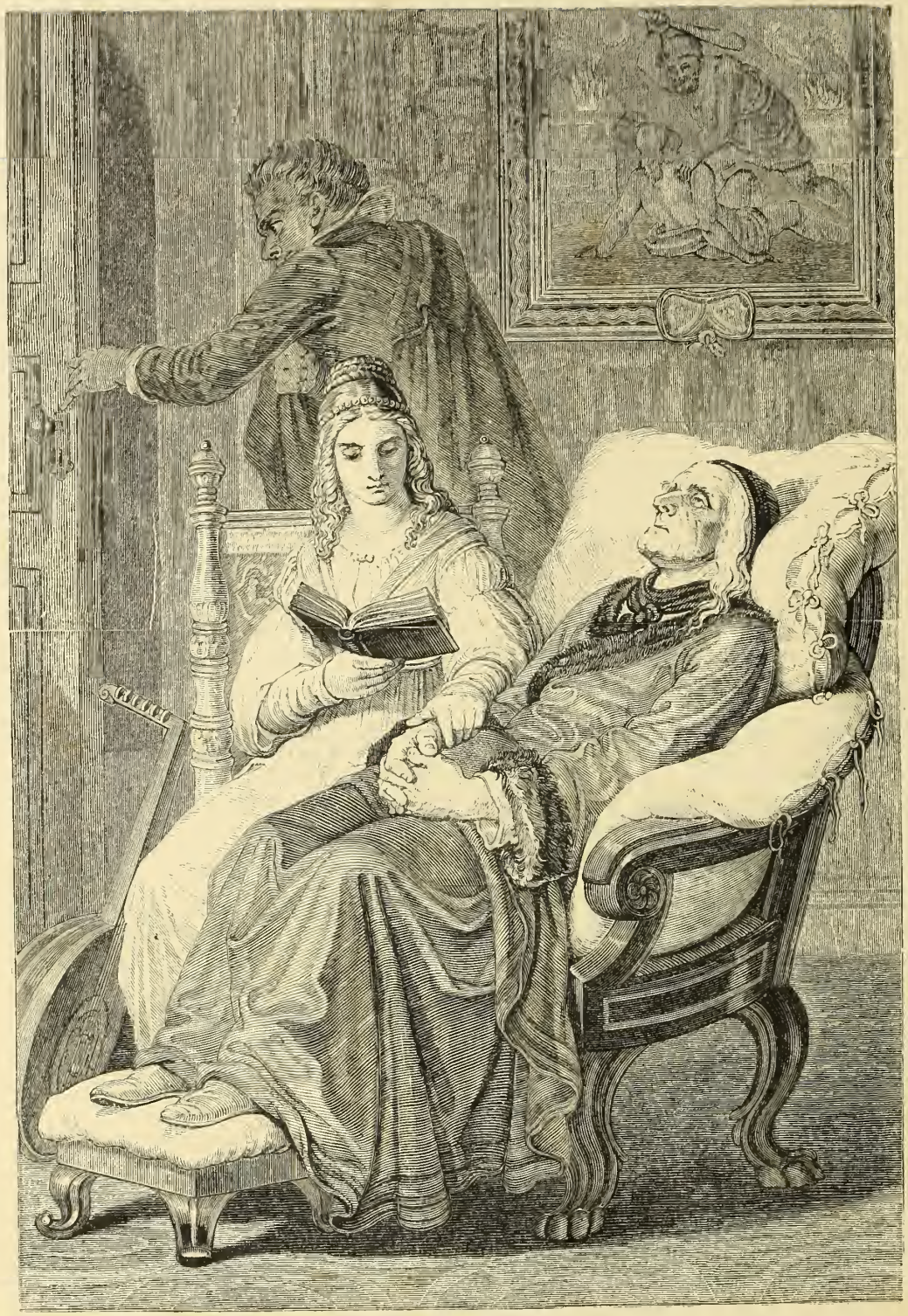
Every one must have witnessed a similar seene in the family cirele; it is as common as children—and we all know they are plentiful enough, in all conseience; far too mueh so for our means sometimes. Nevertheless, we ean easily excuse the mother's pride and the father's gratified expression, when we consider, that without this parental feeling, the ties of love would soon be sundered, and the quiet joys of home be somewhat dangerously invaded.

"But this has nothing to do with Mr. Hunt's picture," we hear the reader exclaim. No, gentle sir, or madam, it has not, immediately; and yet the story of the boy before us is but another phase of the same feeling, only cast in a somewhat humbler sphere. The little rustic, who looks up in our face with such a pleased and gratified countenance, as he shows us the fruit of his early taste and talent, is the remarkable child over again; and though we may not number him among our familiar acquaintance—being dwellers in a pent-up city, and he the denizen of the healthful country—we cannot forbear acknowledging the painter's ability and truthfulness; and we gaze upon the picture with a friendly feeling from the first. It formed one, we believe, of those exhibited in 1843 at the Water-Colour Gallery, and was deservedly admired—as indeed, are all Mr. Hunt's productions—by thousands. The contented look of the youngter has in it all the freshness and feeling which belongs to this artist's peculiar style, which, in its way, is unsurpassed.

We cannot help, in looking at the rustic's smiling face, recalling to our mind the poet's apostrophe to impatient genius, albeit scarcely in accordance with so simple a subject; however, here it is:—

"Painter that with soul creations
Would'st attain th' applause of nations;
And deserve a name of glory
To be writ in future story;
Work thy way.
Live with Nature, love her truly,
Wisely, wholly:—and so duly
Bide thy day.
With high thoughts thy mind adorning,
Heed no critic's shallow scorning,
Nor at yelping curs repine:
Every light must cast a shadow,
So must thine.
And if Faith—not mere ambition,
Prompts you to fulfil your mission
You shall rise:
But the acorn, small and flower-like,
Must have time to flourish bower-like
To the skies.
Bide you yours:—of wealth not lustful,
Ever patient, calm and trustful:—
Years shall magnify your bole,
And produce immortal foliage
Of the soul.

We quote these lines of Charles Mackay's from memory: if not altogether appropriate to the picture, their inherent beauty must be our apology, if apology be needed, for their introduction in this place. The engraving, by W. J. Linton, is artistic in the highest degree; and the feeling of the subject is carried out with the greatest success.



THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHERINE.

HERE we have another evidence of the progress of art in Germany; and, in the noble painting of Mücke, another contradiction to the oft repeated saying, that true genius is no longer the characteristic of modern painters. In the noble picture from which our engraving is taken, the artist has embodied the story of St. Catherine's translation, and given to the monkish legend an enduring beauty and graceful realization it never possessed before.

The story goes that Catherine, the beautiful and illustrious wife of the Emperor Maximin, having been doomed to suffer death upon the wheel for her adherence to the glorious faith of Christianity, was miraculously saved from so ignominious a death; for, upon the first turn of the torture-giving engine, the cords by which she was bound were instantly snapped asunder by the visible interposition of an angel, who thus delivered her from pain and suffering. According to the chronicle, her body was taken from the place of execution by a company of angels, and borne by them through the air to the monastery on the top of Mount Sinai, in Arabia, where it remains entombed in marble to this day. The probable truth is, that after her martyrdom, the monks, who were frequently called angels on account of the reputed purity of their lives and the holiness of their profession and functions, carried her to their monastery, that they might render to her in death the homage and respect denied her in life, and thereby enrich their lonely dwelling with all that remained of so devout a saint. But the painter has taken the more poetic and beautiful version of the legend, and in so doing, rendered at once a fitting homage to martyred virtue, and given to the world another instance of that faith which loves to adopt the crude, and often uncongenial, fancies of a false and erring superstition, when it enshrines even the atom of a glorious truth.

Borne upon angels' wings they cleave the ambient air, and gaze with looks of reverence upon that face so fair; as tenderly supporting her, they swiftly glide along, upon the wind there floats away a melancholy song. Soft wailing for her memory, her virtue, and her doom, on wings of love they carry her—there's rest beyond the tomb! Away, away, like summer clouds with tints of heaven empearled, light as young love's first ecstacy they bear her from the world: and one the sword of martyrdom, all gleaming bright and bare, aloft she carries meekly in the soft and balmy air. And on the martyr's face there sits a smile of heavenly light; and round her head a glory plays all beautiful and bright. And, oh! how still and tranquilly, how free from sin and care, she rests, a saint in angels' arms—no trace of sorrow there. Envy no more can vex her, nor treachery

betray; she knows a peace that life ne'er gave, nor death can take away. As earnestly and tearfully they bear their burden on, with wings as soft as summer cloud, their goal is nearly won. And on the glorious company, with gentlest motion, speed, as quick they fly from that false world from which she has been freed. Her body to an erring faith has been too early given; but weep not, for her soul there's joy and happiness in Heaven. There, purified from earthly stain, Omnipotence shall own, her place is 'mongst the sanctified who worship round the throne. In the world she tribulation had, but in her heavenly home there's joy, for well she knoweth He the world hath overcome!

We hail the present work as a promise of greater things. In the world of art, as in the natural world, there is a spring time, a summer, and a winter; and if the winter of ill-expressed idea and common-place has slowly passed away, there is, we trust, a budding forth of more noble and extended purpose, which in time will give way to a glorious summer of unclouded brightness. The claims of art upon the feelings and utilities of life are beginning to be slowly felt; and, in the eagerness with which the People welcome the advent of a really clever and artistic mind, we recognise the dawning of that day—long expected, but sure to come at last,—when the mission of the painter and the poet will not only be felt and justified by the discerning few, but be appreciated and acknowledged by those for whom poets and painters have suffering lived and unappreciated died—the MANY. Every picture such as this is a bitter and deserved rebuke to the utilitarian spirit which some few writers, and some thousand talkers, would spread abroad; and, if the extravagances of what is called Germanism are in some painters observable, the production of one such picture as this redeems the mass and sanctifies the onward spirit of the age.

"Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature
He is but outside: these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out.
I'll say of it,
It touches nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches livelier than life."

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

From the imaginative loftiness of the German let us turn to the simple yet exquisite delineations of our own artists: and, without detracting from the genius of Mücke, we may admire the landscapes of Constable, Turner, Fielding, Cox, or Creswick. Where, out of England, can be found such beautiful scenery as they have depicted? Perhaps in no country but our own could so sweet and simple a landscape be discovered as this "Skirts of the Forest," by Thomas Creswick. And he does justice truly to the subject. The sweet woodland scenery of our native island possesses a charm and beauty entirely its own. Looking at the picture we bring back the memory of many a boyish stroll among the trees of Hainault forest, ere the business of the great world and the cares of life pressed heavy on our brow, and made us, spite the buoyancy of our spirit, a serious and steady man. Oh how often, in early morn or dewy eve, have we sauntered idly through the quiet glades of that old forest; or, mounted on some borrowed horse, raced wild and free beneath the overhanging boughs; or, with one chosen friend—poor fellow, he had a light and merry heart, and a generous spirit, though he is now far away among the wilds of Western America, carving a hard fortune out of the stubborn soil, and has, perhaps, forgotten us long since—strolled, arm in arm, among the glades of that old wood; dreaming such dreams as only youth can, and building such air castles as only boys construct; or, distant from observation, laved our weary limbs in limpid streams, and realized such ecstatic bliss as never comes in after life, woo it as gently as we may; or, stretched at length beneath the shade of some gigantic oak, have listened to the songs of birds, while all around, the forest slept in peace. And oh, what glimpses of green beauty—what sweet sense of fragrant freshness charmed the eye and stole upon the senses.

And in these times, our thoughts have been with Robin Hood and Little John amid the trees of merry Sherwood; and the glorious old ballad has possessed for us a charm we vainly look for now. Ah! they were days indeed, those days of youth in the depths of the forest. The year was all summer then, for the sunshine was within. A day spent in the country is verily a pleasant one, and does a thoughtful man more good than all the homilies that were ever preached. In such a stroll the influence of nature has enough of power in it to make us quite in love with life, and spread its influence afar upon our dusky path. The very air of such a place has in it a delicious calm and sweetness never felt in towns: the solitude and sunshine dwell upon our hearts, and make us bless the Power that gave to us so glorious and magnificent a world. A peep into the woods, even in a picture, is a delightful thing, and makes us young again in hope. We follow,

in our thoughts, the ruddy ploughman at his early toil; we walk once more amidst the thick leaves of the woody dell; and, parting the pliant arms of tender saplings that hang down in our path, stroll far away. High up among the leaves, we catch a glimpse of the wild pigeon's nest—only a few crossed sticks, through which the little light grey eggs are visible; and across our path there flies the graceful linnet, or the spotted winchat; and unexpectedly we hear the cuckoo's note upon the air; and afar off upon the stream whole flocks of water-fowl regale themselves; and startled at some noise, they rise with sudden burr and mount into the air, and wheeling round and round, are quickly out of sight, dropping in a distant dell, or on the banks of some sweet sunny mere. Oh, 'tis a pleasant walk, indeed, that summer ramble on the skirts of the forest.

And then the little flowers that crowd upon our way; the blooming heathbell, the yellow gorse-flower, and the gentle daisy. Chaucer, the first of all our poets in time, if not in beauty, has sung the praises of the homely flower:—

——"Of all the flowers in the mede,
Then love I most those flowres white and rede,
Such that men called Daisies in our town:
To them I have a great affectioun."

And the wild rose throws its scent upon the air, and perfumes all the place—

"The blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves,
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives,
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes."

As a landscape painter, Mr. Creswick stands very high. His knowledge of foliage, his acquaintance with woodland scenery, and his admirable management of light and shade, render his pictures faithful reflections of the scenes he loves so well. With him,—and we might say with us,—a summer's day is always one of brightness. Our thoughts, partaking of the light so spread abroad, sympathise with the painter and wander with the poets:—

"The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.
All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.
The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din."

PUSS IN HOPES.

This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and is the production of W. Owen, R. A. As a work of art it may be classed with Hunt's "boys," with several of whom our readers are already familiar. The finish of this design is, however, rather higher than those of Mr. Hunt's, though the purpose—if it have a purpose at all—is of the same description. The rustic, with a huge pan of bread and milk on his knees, is holding a spoonful half way between the pan and his mouth, while the sleek-looking tabby is quietly anticipating its transference to her own. What a look of hopeful expectation Mr. Owen has thrown into the cat's face, and what an expression of pleased tantalization—to coin a word—sits upon the boy's. Really it's very natural. There is nothing in the picture; simply an incident; and yet it is suggestive. What is the politician who seeks to win the favour of the minister, and bows in spirit to his high behest, giving him all he has—a vote—while he sacrifices, probably, the high promises made on the hustings and in speeches, but "Puss in hopes?"

What is the elector who waits so humbly on that self-same promising M.P., and reminds him that he said he would use his interest to get his eldest boy—the scapegrace of the family, who is fit for nothing else but government employ, and scarcely fit for that—a place? why "Puss in hopes."

What is the reverend gentleman in black, who preaches bland sermons to wealthy sinners, and on "collection" days, tells them how "charity covereth a multitude of sins," but a veritable "Puss in hopes?" But his hopes are not confined to collections; oh, no. He looks forward, easy-going Christian as he is—not that he would be deemed a pluralist, not he—to a snug living in the country, where he may retire in the warm summer months, to add to his little thousand in town; and he even dreams, sleek pussy of the church, of one day sitting in the Peers in Bishop's sleeves.

What is that gay, whiskered spendthrift, who idly leans upon the tavern bar, and pours his oily words into the rich widow's ears; and drinks her brandy and water while she drinks in his honied flattery, but a sly old cat, who is in hopes of bettering his broken fortunes by taking to wife the relict of Job Jenkinson, deceased, who was licensed by Act of Parliament—for which he annually paid some twelve pounds odd—to deal in foreign wines and spirits, ale, beer, and tobacco, and whose blooming widow still drives the same roaring trade, at the Goose and Warming-pan? Ah widow, take advice; don't have anything to do with the gentlemen; he'll never be worth his salt behind your bar. He is a capital hand at cards; excellent at billiards;

and has no objection, now and then, to make a quiet bet or two. A most excellent young man, and *so* handsome. But take our advice, and don't take him, or depend upon it, it will be for worse and not for better.

What is that spruce young fellow, who has just opened that smart-looking grocer's shop in the new neighbourhood, where half the houses are unfinished and the other half only partly occupied, but another "Puss in hopes?" And really his hopes ought to be realized, for civility and industry, wherever they are found, deserve to be encouraged. But we fear for you, young man. Those new neighbourhoods, where they scrape away the grass to lay a foundation in the morning, run up the house in the course of the day, and put in the window-sashes towards night, are not much to be depended on. But it's no use advising such people as you; you will succeed if you can; and there are a certain description of wilful young men, who, if you were to confine them within four stone walls would manage to get out, even if they had to eat their way through—so persevering are they.

And that sturdy beggar-man, who, with his skinny-looking wife, and the five children borrowed at so much per head a day, is bawling through the streets a stereotyped edition of distress, with a noisy appeal to the benevolent, what is he but a "Puss in hopes" of a most dangerous character, which should be immediately "put down?"

And that lean mechanic, too, who wanders on from factory to factory when trade is bad in search of work, is another type of the same class. And that pale and thinly-clothed young girl who glances round at rich warm furs spread out invitingly in mercers' windows, as she hurries by; and that hungry boy, who eyes the tempting morsels in the shops where ready-dressed provisions are sold cheap; and that old man who lingers at the poor-house gate beseechingly; and that Italian boy who grinds his music in the streets from morn till night, and looks so pleased and thankful when you present him with a halfpenny; and that young wife who calls the muffin-boy across the street, and looks out into the gloomy night, awaiting her dear John's return; and that little child upon its mother's knee; and that smooth-faced boy, who rubs his hand across his chin in expectation of a beard; and that little lass, who eyes the baby dolls in toy-shop windows with such anxious eyes; and that gentlemanly shabby man who passes quickly on, with books protruding from his pocket, and a careworn look upon his face, as he walks doubtingly into the rich publisher's shop in the "Row"—a very personification of hope deferred, for he's nothing but an author; and that fresh-coloured youth, who wanders through the city streets, with expectation of "doing great things when he gets a berth" shining out of all his looks and actions—London is new to him at present, he only came to town to-day; and that blithe, comely-looking servant of all work, who trips into the grocer's shop to see if he knows of a place; and that lady-like woman in black, who calls at the post-office for a letter from her son abroad; and the writer of this as he anticipates the reader's smiles, are they not all of the same category? Puss in hopes is but a picture of the whole. In fact, all the world may be divided into two classes—the boys with the milk, who are more or less generous, as the case may be, and the pusses in expectation, more or less deserving.

BO-PEEP.

What an exquisite picture of domestic felicity! Does it not come home to our hearts like the memory of some old song of childhood? What can be more graceful than the infant hiding behind its mother's gown, or the playful boy striving to amuse the child? What more beautiful than the look of maternal tenderness beaming from the young mother's eyes as she bends a look of sweet solicitude upon her laughing babe? It is a glimpse of the home-joys of many a rural cot, and carries with it a grave lesson to those good, kind utilitarians who always think of poverty as something brutal and debasing. The incident told in the picture is one of those quiet episodes in the life of woman which go so far to make up her sum of earthly happiness; happy would it be for the peace of nations were such scenes of more frequent occurrence: happy, could all the poor find leisure from the absorbing business of providing daily bread for their offspring, to cultivate these their best affections. Let us hope with Mackay, the poet of the people, that the time will shortly come, when a "poor man's family shall not be his misery; but every child shall be a help to make his right arm stronger;" and when "little children shall not toil, under or above the soil; but shall play in healthful fields, till limbs and minds grow stronger—and every one shall read and write." Alas! we fear we must wait more than "a little longer."

From the door ajar the little boy all silently does creep, to start his little sister with the joyful cry "Bo-peep;" and with laughter out of both her eyes she hears the merry sound, and from her mother's tightened dress peeps joyfully around. The mother with her work in hand, looks on their childish glee; and all the picture glows with light, fair and beautiful to see. Oh, what a happy time it is when joys like these can please, before the world has taught them pain or lessened all their ease. Happy in blissful ignorance of aught to cause alarm, nor e'er in fear, sweet innocents, of ever doing harm. The fairy days are facts to them, as shouting loud with glee, they play upon the rustic seat beneath the apple-tree. And through the leaves the radiance of the golden sun pours down; and sheds a glory on their heads of curling tresses brown. And on the air the fragrance of a thousand flowers is flung; fit offering to the joyfulness that lives but with the young. And on the path the traces of their tiny feet I see, and catch at every footstep fresh evidence of glee. And all the air grows jubilant with childish voices gay, as they laugh and sing the moments of their happy lives away. Happy in scarcely feeling the cause to

laugh or cry; happy in each gay moment, nor dream of asking why. Sweet children, new-born denizens of life's great crowded mart, on thy heads the fondest benisons I give with all my heart. Life has no better gifts for thee in all thy coming years, than smiles and sorrow, joy and grief, mirth, penitence and tears.

The innocence and simplicity of childhood; the love of a mother for her offspring; the unselfish tending of their wants and wishes; the kind care and thoughtfulness which render them so very dear; the sympathy she feels in all their hopes and prospects, what can exceed? Nor is the mother's love confined to the age of innocence. That boy, who looks so simple and takes such pleasure in amusing his little sister, may break that mother's heart. The Spaniards have a proverb which is very apt. "Little children," it says, "make their mothers' heads ache; but great children make their hearts ache." How true of many a family is this quaint saying. How many a hardy man now beating about the Western seas, or before the mast in some inhospitable whale-ship, surrounded by companions brutal as himself, was once a curly-headed boy, the pride of a fond mother's heart. It might have been he grew beneath that mother's eye in years and beauty, till falling beneath the influence of temptation and bad companions, the sea—the universal refuge for wilful lads—was the only profession he could choose. And even now, though he has long forgotten her, and only thinks of home with oaths upon his lip, that mother sits in her quiet room so lonely and so still, for she has been long a widow, and dreams of his coming home once more to bless her. Oh with what pleasure would she share her poverty with him. And yet she does not think of that lost son as he is, a hardened drunken sailor, but pictures him once more a smiling child upon her knee. Of all the passions that influence our lives, none can equal the purity and intensity of a mother' love

"Love is a spark of Deity that glows within the soul:
Love is the gift of Him who framed creation's mighty whole;
Its hallowed feelings evermore a pure delight impart,
And wake the noblest sympathies that thrill the human heart:
It shines in friendship's holy smile, in pity's tearful eye,—
A solace sweet to soothe the breast—a balm when grief is nigh!

But fairest far of nature's works, of nature's glorious plan,
Is she whose gentle smiles make earth a paradise to man;
For woman's love can cheer his days, and calm his troubled breast
And win him to achievements high, the noblest and the best;
Oh, 'tis a boon of priceless worth, a treasure richer far
Than trophies by the victor won on the red fields of war!"

THE DISGRACE OF CLARENDON.

This picture, by E. M. Ward, was exhibited at the Royal Academy during the season of 1846, and was deservedly admired. It represents a well-known incident in the history of the reign of the "merry monarch," Charles the Second, the disgrace of Lord Clarendon, after his last interview with the king at Whitehall palace. The scene is the palace-gardens. The king has left the council abruptly, and is walking off with his back towards the spectators, whose whole attention is fixed on Clarendon, who runs the gauntlet of piercing and wondering eyes. The courtiers stand on either side, and make obeisance as the king passes through. The place is filled with gay company, and, as Clarendon comes down the steps, he is greeted with scornful and indignant glances from all the ladies and gentlemen there assembled. The picture is one of great interest. Political intrigue and profligate gaiety is pourtrayed in all their countenances; and Mr. Ward has contrived to give more character to the picture than could have been expected from so simple an incident.

The causes which led to this great man's fall are thus described by Hume:—The Royalists, disappointed in their sanguine hopes of preferment, threw a load of envy on Clarendon, into whose hands the king seemed to have resigned the whole power of government. And then machinations were evidently successful. "The king himself, who had always more revered than loved the chancellor, was now totally estranged from him. Amidst the dissolute manners of the court, that minister still maintained an inflexible dignity; and would submit to no condescensions, which he deemed unworthy his age and character. Buckingham, a man of profligate morals and great talent for ridicule, made him the object of his raillery, and gradually lessened that regard which the king bore to his minister. On Clarendon raising an objection to Charles's divorce, politics and inclination both concurred to make him sacrifice Clarendon. The memory of his past services was not able to delay his fall: the great seal was taken from him, and given to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, by the title of lord-keeper. Southampton, the treasurer, was now dead, who had persevered to the utmost in his attachment to the chancellor: the last time he appeared at the council-table, he exerted his friendship with a vigour which neither age nor infirmities could abate. 'This man,' said he, speaking of Clarendon, 'is a true protestant and an honest Englishman: and while he enjoys power, we are secure in our laws, liberties, and religion: I dread the consequences of his removal.'

"Clarendon, finding that the popular torrent, united to the violence of power, ran with impetuosity against him, and that a defence offered to such prejudiced ears would be entirely ineffectual, thought proper to withdraw. At Calais he wrote a paper addressed to the house of lords, in which he said, that his fortune, which was but moderate, had been gained entirely by the lawful, avowed profits of his office, and by the voluntary bounty of the king; that during the first years after the restoration he had always concurred in opinion with the other counsellors, men of such reputation that no one could entertain suspicions of their wisdom or integrity; that his credit soon declined; and however he might disapprove of some measures, he found it vain to oppose them; that his repugnance to the Dutch war, the source of all the public grievances, was generally known, as well as his disapprobation of many unhappy steps taken in conducting it; and that whatever pretence might be made, his real crime, that which had exasperated his powerful enemies, was his frequent opposition to exorbitant grants, which the importunity of suitors had extorted from his majesty.

"The lords transmitted this paper to the commons under the appellation of a libel; and by a vote of both houses, it was condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. The parliament next proceeded to exert their legislative power against Clarendon, and passed a bill of banishment and incapacity, which received the royal assent. The disgraced minister retired to France, where he lived in a private manner. He survived his banishment six years; and employed his leisure chiefly in reducing into order the History of the Civil Wars, for which he had collected materials. The performance does honour to his memory.

"Clarendon was always a friend to the liberty and constitution of his country: at the commencement of the civil wars, he entered into the late king's service, and was honoured with a great share in the esteem and friendship of that monarch: he was pursued with unrelenting animosity by the long parliament: he had shared all the fortunes and directed all the counsels of the king during his exile: he had been advanced to the highest offices after the restoration: yet all these circumstances had no influence on his uncorrupted mind, It is said, that when he first engaged in the study of the law, his father exhorted him with great earnestness to shun the practice too common in that profession, of straining every point in favour of prerogative and perverting so useful a science to the oppression of liberty.

"The combination of king and subject to oppress so good a minister affords to men of opposite disposition an equal occasion of inveighing against the ingratitude of princes or the ignorance of the people."

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

In ancient times there stood a proud old castle which looked down upon the blue and murmuring sea. Within its walls a garden fair and beautiful was hidden; and fountains played and danced in the sunlight, for the sparkling water had no sense of fear, and still went springing up and falling down in spite of the frowns of the gloomy tyrant who inhabited the place; and the castle and its owner had a bad reputation.

Towards the close of a lovely day in summer two minstrels were seen wending their way towards this inhospitable castle. One was old and grey, and wore around his silver locks a garland of oak leaves and carried in his hand a silver harp; but the other was young and beautiful, and walked beside the elder minstrel's horse and led it carefully along. His hair was clustered in golden ringlets round his open brow, and fell in rich luxuriance upon his shoulders; and, as he strode along, he listened with trembling eagerness to the old man's words, as he charged him to bring into play every effort of the minstrel's art, every song of love and tenderness to win the heart of the tyrant king. And as they entered the castle gates they broke out into a strain of wild and glorious melody. They soon found themselves in the presence of the haughty king, who, with his lovely queen, sat high upon a gorgeous throne, surrounded by his court. As the minstrels gazed around upon the noble hall, they were struck with the beauty of the clustered pillars, gilded cornices, and pictured walls. The elder minstrel swept his hand across the strings, and woke the echoes far and wide with notes of sweetest melody filling the apartment with the glorious sounds. And then the younger took the lyre and sung of love; and like the chorus of a band of angels, the tender strain filled all the place with music. And then he sang of freedom, and the courtiers' hearts were melted with the air; and noble and daring deeds were mingled with his song, and the haughty warriors bowed themselves in admiration, and were bound as in a spell. And the queen, dissolved in sadness and delight, took from her side a rose, and threw it towards the youthful minstrel. This action was not lost upon the haughty king, who, rising from his seat in furious wrath,

> "Ye have seduced my people, and bewitched my wife!"
> The mad king shouted as he shook, 'mid stormy passions' strife.
> He cast his sword like lightning down; it smote the minstrel's side:
> The golden stream of song was stanched; out gushed life's ruddy tide."

The trembling and affrighted spectators rose in haste, and in a moment all was confusion

and grief. And the old minstrel, rushing to his dying brother's aide, raised him in his arms and covered him with his mantle. He bore him tenderly along, and laying the stiffening body upon his horse, prepared to quit the ill-fated castle. But ere he left the portals of the murderer he dashed his harp upon the ground, and cursed the place; and heaven approving his revenge, sealed the doom of the palace and the king. In a few years the walls crumbled and fell; the highest towers were dashed to earth; and the once noble hall was desolate; and the rank grass grew between the interstices of the marble floor. The beauteous garden bloomed no longer, but, filled with noxious weeds, became a lonely wilderness. The sparkling fountains ceased to play, and where the bright waters leapt so gaily, reptiles and creeping things held court. The shadows of the leaves no longer played upon the ground, but all was dark, desolate, and ruined. One marble pillar remained for a long time standing, a monument of the cruelty of the tyrant, and remembrance of the fatal deed. The glory of the castle passed away like a dream, and all was forgotten, lost, sunk, and obliterated.

All the pomp and pride have vanished
Of that gay and noble manor;
All of life and joy are banished,
Marshall'd troop and floating banner.
All of outward show and fashion
Sunk and scattered to the wind,
Evidence of mortal passion,
Base revenge and fury blind.
Many centuries have been numbered
Since the fearful deed was done;
Since in death the king has slumbered,
And the minstrel's curse begun,
But the deed so base and brutal,
Recorded in immortal verse,
Shall live through ages young and truthful,
In memory of the Minstrel's Curse.

The above legend forms part of one of Uhland's delightful poems. The picture is by the German painter, Muchen. The story is told with a simplicity at once grand and daring. There is a life and beauty about the treatment which almost comes up to the force and truthfulness of the old masters. It is the emanation of a noble mind, and fully realizes the idea of the legend. The figures are full of life and animation, and the whole composition teems with forcible and apt delineation. The canvas is well filled, and the composition in no way injures the artist's well earned fame. We almost regret that our historical painters content themselves with such worn out-subjects as have been lately exhibited. They appear to go on repeating the same ideas, and bringing forward the same effects, without any effort to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of old-fashioned prejudices, forgetful that it is the mission of art to create as well as delineate.

LUTHER, MELANCTHON, AND OTHERS, TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

This picture, by the French painter Labouchere, is not only interesting from its artistic treatment, but also from the fact it records, the translation of the Bible. The history of the Reformation is the history of the most important victory ever obtained; a victory over ignorance, prejudice, and priestly power; a victory accomplished by the irresistible might of tongue and pen; a victory of truth over falsehood; the Spirit and the Gospel over the world and sin. Luther and Melancthon were not, as is popularly considered, the causes of the Reformation; but merely the expositors of a progressive idea, which must surely have been published and brought forward, despite the persecutions of power and the errors of mankind, had these men never lived.

The time had arrived when, for the unerring purposes of God, the errors of the Romish church were no longer allowed to hold men's minds in thrall. The seed sown by the hand of Truth was soon to fructify, and from it arose the goodly tree of Protestantism. As God has never been without a witness in the world, so the truth has never wanted exponents when the time came for its promulgation, and the reformers were simply means in the hand of an overruling Providence for working out its particular ends. He used Luther, Melancthon, and others, as the instruments for opening men's minds and discovering to them the truth as it is in Jesus. Nor does this view of the question in any way detract from the merit of these holy men, but rather increases our respect for their characters and our faith in their mission. They had power given them to withstand temptation, expose error, and battle against persecution. But is the Reformation yet complete: far from it: for, till the whole world shall acknowledge one faith, and the prophecies be fulfilled that at "the mention of His name all the world shall bow," and the "world shall be in all the earth as the waters cover the sea," the present efforts of men can only be considered as working towards a great and glorious end. It has been said that the Reformation, at least in England, was the result of accident. Accident! Let us put away the foolish and absurd idea; there is no such a thing as accident in the world. And if men would only be more diligent in perusing the "book of books," that Bible which Luther and Melancthon translated from the original tongues that their countrymen might learn the saving truths of God, divested of crudities of false learning or the exposition of interested teachers, they would acknowledge that in all things the hand of an overruling Providence was visible;

and till this belief is thoroughly acknowledged and established there remains an impediment in the fulfilment of God's will. But let us have patience, and the great designs of the Allwise will be surely accomplished.

The Bible has been said to be the poor man's book: it is indeed; and all who take it up in a truthful and earnest spirit, will, sooner or later, discover its merits. Let us lay aside the differences of belief in minor things and unite in our devotion to its glorious teachings. Lutheran, Calvinistic, or popish creeds will not save; let us then be Christian in all our thoughts, words, and actions. Creeds are only the fetters of civilization; let us lay them down while we have the power. Of all religious errors preserve us from the errors of doctrinal belief. "True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

In these days of false argument and dogmatic reasoning in all things pertaining to man's greatest interest, it is well, now and then, to turn from the busy turmoil of every-day life, and look for a little space within. Every man's conscience is the judge of his conduct, and the Bible is, or ought to be, the only guide for his life and conversation.

From the general corruption of a period when luxury, ignorance, intolerance and ambition, had crept into the church, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and others stand out as bold and fearless apostles of the truth. Martin Luther, the son of a blacksmith at Eisleben, raised himself into notice by the strength of his character and the irresistible force of his arguments. It is said that he received the first intimation of the glorious mission he was intended to fulfil from the circumstance of a fellow-student having been killed by lightning while walking at his side. Luther was persuaded that this awful occurrence was a warning from heaven, and from that moment devoted himself to God. He entered the monastery of St. Augustin, at Erfurth, and gave himself up to the study of the scriptures with amazing zeal and perseverance. His ardour soon procured for him a distinction which enabled him to expose the errors of popery; for, while filling the office of professor at the university of Wirtemberg, he hurled anathemas against the sale of indulgences, and other innovations, and expounded the tenets of a new system. The court of Rome listened and trembled. The emperor Charles V. convoked a diet at Worms in 1521, at which Luther, so far from retracting any of his former views, puzzled and confounded those who were brought to argue with him. Contrary to the rule of his church, Luther married, and nuns and ecclesiastics following his example, the new faith soon took a firm hold upon the minds of the people. The pope, unable to quell the rising discontent of the religious world, severed, by his haughtiness and impolicy, the adherence of England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, part of France, and Switzerland, all of which countries have since remained more or less protestant. After having suffered misrepresentation, persecution, and imprisonment, and living to see his sect firmly established, Luther sunk into the sleep of death in 1546 in the sixty-third year of his age, having influenced, perhaps, more than any man of his time, the opinions of the civilized world. The Reformation has entirely changed the political and religious situation of Europe. The ambition of the elder monarchies has been restrained, and the temporal authority of the pope almost destroyed. And in matters of religion even the catholic church has become more tolerant and its tenets more pure. Such men as Bossuet and Fenelon would do honour to almost any system.

THE RECONCILIATION OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

EVERYONE who has read Shakspere is acquainted with the story of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the most beautiful creation of the immortal bard; therefore, to repeat the plot in plain prose would be not only desecrating the memory of the "Sweet Swan of Avon," but would be almost offering an insult to the erudition of the reader.

This delightful picture by Noel Paton is the realization of Bottom's immortal dream; a dream the most picturesque and fanciful that sleeping eyes ever encountered. Bottom having sunk to sleep under the charm of the fairy Titania's sweet influence, Oberon comes forward—

Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen?
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.
Oberon. There lies your love.
Titania. How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!
Oberon. Silence awhile. Robin take off this head,
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Titania. Music, oh! music, such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Oberon. Sound, music. Come, my queen, take hands with me
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be,
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of youthful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Titania. Come, my lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

Bottom awakes, and thinking of the interlude at the duke's house in which he has to take a prominent part, exclaims in that dreamy kind of manner peculiar to sudden consciousness: "When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is 'most fair Pyramus.'—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender; Snout, the tinker! God's my life; stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death."

After the play, in which Puck and the fairies foot it merrily, Puck winds up the performance in these words:—

" If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend,
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call,
So, good night unto you all;
Give me your hands if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends."

Mr. Paton has treated this episode with more than his accustomed skill, if that be possible. The play of fancy and poetic imagination in this work renders it worthy to stand beside any picture of its class. The engraver has also brought all the requisites of his delightful art into operation, and has produced a beautiful specimen of manual dexterity, rendering the painter's ideas with the most discriminative taste and feeling.

THE CANDIDATE AND THE ELECTOR.

WITHOUT trenching upon the field of politics, or in any way pledging ourselves to uphold either party in the glorious game of chance called government; or giving the weight of our, (of course), immense influence to the forwarding of this favourite dogma or that estimable panacea; or entering into an elaborate disquisition upon the science of political economy; or aiding in the dissemination of any particular theory of our own, we shall endeavour, in our own humble way—for our readers must have discovered long ago that if we are amenable to any one social charge above another, it is that of excessive and overweening modesty—to enlighten the world upon the feelings, motives, designs, and expectations of candidates for popular suffrages; and while we address our remarks to the political fry in general, we must solicit the kind consideration of our gentle readers—readers, you know, are always gentle "par excellence," when addressed upon paper—to our own graphic Candidate and Elector in particular. And before we speak of the very persuasive gentleman who smiles and simpers upon the grave old rustic—our very agreeable acquaintances in the picture—it may not be uninteresting to take note of the feelings and motives of those very disinterested gentlemen, the candidates. The prominent feeling in the breast of the Candidate is that of extreme hopefulness for the cause he adopts; and next to that is the excessive profusion of promises he has always at command, every one of which he intends seriously and solemnly to perform. And then his motives are always of the very purest character; the good of the people being ever above and before every other earthly consideration. And as to bribery or treating, they are the subjects of his most virtuous horror and indignation; for, though the popular candidate has been known, on some rare and special occasions, to open all the public-houses in the town, and even to purchase India pocket-handkerchiefs at the rate of five pounds a-piece—and very cheap too, considering the material—his principles are always "a fair field and no favour;" and "purity of election," the motto of his political creed. And then his politeness, and his bland smile and kind words are quite irresistible. So particularly flattering and persuasive to the ladies,—labourers' wives are invariably "ladies" with the popular Candidate—and so amazingly fond of children, one would think he had been the father of a large and interesting family all his life. As he pats the eldest boy upon the head and prophecies that he will one day be a man, and kisses the "sweet innocent" upon its dirty cheek and takes it in his arms, the mothers' hearts are won immediately, and his election rendered almost sure.

There's nothing in the world the Candidate will not promise should he be so fortunate as to obtain their suffrages. The bill for the new road through the populous borough of Slowcumsmithy will certainly be carried if it obtain the advocacy of the popular Candidate. All coughing, hooting, hissing, braying, and such like Young England amusements, will be immediately "put down" when the honourable Augustus Henry Frederick Adolphus Maximilian Puffemorf be fortunate enough to be elected for their highly respectable and populous borough. All restrictions upon trade and commeree, all duties upon exciseable articles, all poor rates, corn laws, income taxes, malt duties, window duties, and every impost upon industry will be abolished and repealed. Wages will be raised and taxes lowered; poor-rates fall to nothing and paupers plentifully fed; economy in the royal household strictly insisted on, and places and pensions altogether put aside. Union bastiles will be rased to the ground and employment plentifully provided for the industrious. In fact, should the popular Candidate be the fortunate possessor of the majority, all these, and numberless other equally advantageous improvements, are sure (?) to take place.

And the equally disinterested Elector, when he goes into the committee-room on the eventful morning to receive his two-pound-ten in new gold—merely to remunerate him for his loss of time, of course—and requests the honourable Candidate to use his influence in getting his eldest boy into the excise,—a promise instantly ratified by the member in expectation—looks as though he really meant purity of election, and bribery and corruption were words quite unknown in the borough. And so the farce proceeds: and hired processions, headed by a most appropriate brass-band, parade the town, bedecked in the colours of the richest candidate, and carrying most veritable truths emblazoned upon flags of blushing red. And the Honourable Augustus addresses the respectable voters from the balcony of the King's Arms; and voices loud and various proclaim the coming victory: and ere the curtain of darkness descends upon the motley scene, the object for which canvassers have laboured and candidates have lied is over and accomplished; and as the member lays his weary head upon the pillow—for he has had, as yet, no leisure to count the cost of the honour obtained—he forgets in slumber his many promises more quickly than he made them.

If promises were taken at their election price,
Members would be less lavish and electors be more wise.

THE LESSON.

Miss Angelina Wilhelmina Skeggs was a blue stocking. If she had a weakness or a fault—and faults and weaknesses are, you know, extremely rare with ladies of Miss Skeggs's temperament—it was in a slight, the slightest in the world, sense of the inferiority of the opposite sex. "Men," she was wont to exclaim to her maid, about disrobing time, "are a false, fickle, impatient, impracticable set of animals;"—very fond of three or four-syllable adjectives was Angelina,—"and I wonder that women can be so blind as to obey them. Obey them, indeed! I assure you, Perkins,"—for Miss Skeggs affected aristocratic airs in her way, and always called her servant by her surname, "that I wouldn't be under the control of one of those tyrants on any account." And Perkins,—who though she was a toady and a fawner, was quite sincere in her regard for her mistress, would entirely assent to the sentiment. It was said that Miss Angelina had suffered a kind of check in her affections towards one of these "tyrants," but that was only whispered amongst her maligners, and was scandal, of course; for it couldn't be supposed that a lady of her exalted sense and learning could stoop to the subjugation of the meaner passions, as she used to call them. Miss Skeggs was skilled in all the manly accomplishments, and could beat her revered papa at chess or draughts whenever she liked. And as for languages, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and the modern tongues of France and Germany were mere pastime to her. She didn't at all incline to such feminine accomplishments as music or crochet, not she; but metaphysics, cosmogony, astronomy, physiology, phrenology and half-a-dozen other 'ologies were her especial amusement and delight.

She belonged to a club of superior spirits, who used to assemble at each others' houses and hold discourse upon political economy and the abstruse sciences, to the horror and annoyance of such of them as were troubled with the necessary, but disagreeable, appendage of a husband. Upon some of these occasions a few very young men, of irreproachable character and mild disposition, were admtted as a great favour. At such times the ladies—and especially Wilhelmina — would so confound them by their superior intelligence and learning that the mild men would go home quite bewildered, and inwardly resolve that marriage was a bore, and that they would remain single.

If Miss Skeggs was fond of learning herself, she was no less fond of imparting it to others. She belonged to three Sunday schools; was patroness of the largest ragged school in the parish, and gave gratuitous lessons on philosophy. And not content with all this, she would

failing all other audience, recline in easy negligence upon the sofa, with her hair dressed "à la Maintenon," and give morning lessons to her dog. And perhaps he, poor animal, was her most attentive pupil, after all; for he would sit upon his hind legs and gaze upon her face, as if fascinated by her superior aptitude for imparting knowledge.

But, alas for human infirmity, Miss Angelina Wilhelmina Skeggs, in spite of her superiority of intellect and contempt for the "tyrants," was destined to fall beneath the all-conquering influence of the tender passion. And thus it came about: one fine morning, she took her book and strolled into the park, where, having paid a penny for a chair—for she was fearful of encountering strangers if she reclined upon the public seats—she was amusing herself by reading that highly entertaining and instructive volume "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,"—nothing less philosophical suited her severe temper that morning,—when, chancing to look up as some little boys amused themselves by throwing crumbs to the ducks in the water, she encountered a pair of black eyes intently gazing at her own. Now as Angelina was neither old nor ugly, of course she felt highly indignant at the liberty; especially, as she was afterwards expressed herself to Perkins, "from an entire stranger." She therefore, rose and made her way towards the other end of the park; but, as chance would have it, when she reached the other side of the lake—for it was St. James's park she walked in—she encountered the same bright black eyes again. Angelina was only a woman; and, as the stranger passed, she could not restrain herself from casting a furtive glance at his handsome figure. She wasn't curious, and felt no kind of interest in the man, of course not; but it somehow happened that the next day, and several days, found her at the same spot; and by equal accident the owner of the black eyes happened to be there too. Well, it was "very strange why the man should persecute her in this manner," thought Angelina; "very." But the walks were not discontinued. Why should they be? Surely the park was free for both.

Things went on in this way for some time; summer had deepened into autumn, and autumn was fast fading into winter. Perkins had long ceased to wonder at her mistress's regular morning walks, and the park began to look dreary, and its visitors, like the comings of the angels, "few and far between." It was on a Friday—unlucky day that Friday—that Angelina took her usual seat before the ducks. There was not a soul in the walk, and she read her book; it wasn't Burton to-day, however, but a far more entertaining author; for, from the right hand page, the words "A LOVE STORY," shone above the column as plain as words could. Suddenly it came on to rain. Not a sharp, heavy shower, but a damp, slow, drizzling fall. It was very strange; but in a minute an umbrella was raised above her head, and the possessor of the bright eyes was seated close beside her. How long they sat and what they said, matters not; but from that morning Angelina walked no more alone.

The lessons on the sofa were neglected, and the children at the schools began to wonder what had become of "teacher." When the news reached the Club, and it was not long getting there, Angelina was unanimously voted "foolish," and her character instantly canvassed.

About six months after, these words might have been seen in the last column of the Times:

"MARRIED on Friday, the 15th instant, at the parish church of St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Rev. Charles Templeton, Frederick Appleton, Esq. to Angelina Wilhelmina Skeggs, the daughter of Nathaniel Skeggs, Esq., Alderman and Common Councilman."

BELISARIUS

Our engraving is taken from a picture by Gerard, in the Louvre, at Paris, and is founded on the ancient tradition of Belisarius, the general of Justinian I., whose history has been rendered so interesting by the charming tales of Marmontel. Fiction in the hands of the entertaining Frenchman becomes so absorbing and so much like fact that the reader can scarcely rise from his delightful pages without wishing to prolong the pleasure of perusal.

Belisarius distinguished himself by many splendid and signal victories, and was everywhere looked upon as a great man and the saviour of his country. Living in troublous times, when plots, conspiracies, and assassinations were events of every-day occurrence, it is no wonder that he did not escape the envy and malevolence of his detractors. Brave to heroism, inflexible in purpose and of a commanding and noble mien, he excited the jealousy of his brothers-in-arms, who more than once attempted his life. It is said that even Justinian himself was induced to listen to the words of the enemies of Belisarius, who would fain have displaced him from the high place he held in his master's esteem. Their malicious tempers were not long in finding, or inventing, an excuse for accusing the general. In 503 a conspiracy for murdering the emperor was discovered, and Belisarius was immediately pounced upon as participating in the crime. Though innocent of all thought of evil, his enemies found means to ruin him in the estimation of his sovereign, and he was seized and placed in confinement. Without trial his wealth was confiscated, and his character blackened and ruined. Though his life was spared, it is said that, while in prison, his eyes were put out, and that he was not released for several years. Once more free, though a beggar, he wandered barefoot about his native country, led by a little boy, soliciting alms, and exclaiming, "Give a penny to Belisarius the general."

But though his cruel persecutors had power to take away his sight; to shut out from his vision the glorious and beautiful world; to blind his eyes to blushing flowers and flowing water, they could not deprive the good old man of the peace and calm afforded by a consciousness of right. Though they consigned him to undeserved reproach and obloquy, his ears were still open to the songs of birds and the glad sounds of Nature. The music of the changing seasons was ever present to his mind, and the remembrance of happier days was ever in his memory. Though blind and poor, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, he was not wretched; for it has been mercifully provided by the Great Disposer, that though one sense lie dead and torpid the others are rendered more acute and vivid.

His miseries did not make him a misanthrope; but cheerfully submitting to the will of Providence, he wore the galling chain of life with noble fortitude. Well might he have sung,

"Thank God for MEMORY! This is the green dell:
I hear the stream with music's ripple flowing;
The scent of flowers recal my childhood well—
I feel the sun of new-born summer glowing:
And, in my spirit's view, I see the stream,
And the bright fish that through the waters gleam.

"Thank God for MUSIC! for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
And every bird that in the woods rejoices;
For every note in Nature's concert sweet;
To me the lark's clear carolling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright, summer sky!

"Thank God for HOPE! that after life's short night,
Cheered by fair dreams and memories I shall rise
To fields of never-fading verdure bright,
Sweet rippling fountains, pure, unclouded skies—
And see the world which will not pass away,
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!"

Gerard has taken for his subject an incident in the wandering life of the blind general. The boy has trodden on a reptile, which having stung him, is seen still hanging to his foot, and the poor old man is compelled to carry his now helpless guide—the blind helping the lame. His love and gratitude will not allow him to forget the wounded boy, and he appears anxiously carrying him to where help may be obtained.

"Nothing but love is true;
Earth's many lies whirl'd upon Time's swift wheel
Shift and repeat their state.
Birth, life, and death,
And all that they bequeath
Of hope or memory, thus do alternate continually.
Love doth anneal
Doth beauteously imbue,
The wine-cup of the archetypal Fate."

The above beautiful lines, which well embody what the boy might have felt, had he the power of expressing himself, as he was carried in the blind general's arms, are by W. J. Linton, the engraver of our illustration, who is a poet as well as an artist. And it can scarcely be otherwise; the mission of the painter and the poet is so nearly allied, that what the one expresses with the pen the other immortalizes upon canvas. And so well does the true poet understand and appreciate the efforts of the true painter that he is ever the first to celebrate his praises.

GREASE

THE BARBER.

The greatest man in our village—the parson, the lawyer, the doctor, and the squire perhaps, excepted—was the barber. He was quite a character in his way, and had the most original ideas on politics and religion that it was ever our fortune to hear. If you wanted to gain the newest information of the doings at the hall; or the particulars of what the young squire meant by his attention to the vicar's daughter; or what occasioned Miss Dobson, the farmer's maiden sister, to leave church so suddenly on Sunday morning; or when the bishop was expected to visit the county town, you had only to step over the way to the barber's, and you were sure to be satisfied. Our barber was quite of the old school, however; not one of your mincing, frizzled, white-sleeved, town-bred puppies, who bores you with a request to purchase a pot of the celebrated Russian bear's grease—we always use Rowlands' Macassar, by the bye, ourselves—and scrubs your head with a couple of brushes till it aches again,—but a slow, steady, prosy, particular old shaver as ever was seen. It was quite a pleasure to be operated upon by him. When you were fairly inducted into the wide, old fashioned chair, and the fair white cloth nicely tucked under your chin, and the lather of fresh-smelling soap thickly strewn upon your face, and you might be said to be entirely in his power—then you began to discover what an original character the barber was. There was no appearance of hurry or impatience about him, but he went about the business in such a cool, methodical manner, that before he had taken you by the nose you had become quite resigned to your fate. We recollect one morning in particular. We wanted to go to town that day, and were rather in a hurry, so we requested our old friend to be as expeditious as possible.

"Shaving, Sir," said the barber, "is not a thing to be in a hurry about. When the squire sends for me he always says 'Don't hurry yourself, Brown:' you know the squire, Sir,—great parliament man, to be sure. Spoke for two hours when he proposed Sir Thomas Slumkins at the last election."

Seeing it was no use—now Brown had got into what might be called his political mood, we made no further demand upon his expedition, but mechanically answering yes or no, as the case might be, fell into a train of thought upon our intended journey to London.

"Seven hours upon the road," thought we; "not bad travelling that. And then, when we arrive, we must not forget"—"Wonderful people them French, Sir. Had another revolution, as I see by the Sunday paper," said the barber. "Indeed," muttered we, taking up the broken thread of our thoughts; "and there's Cheatem, the lawyer, that business must be"—"Fourteen trees of liberty planted in one day, Sir," chimed in the barber. "And Julia's

ring too must be purchased."—"Only eighteen pence in his pocket when he arrived at Dover, Sir; poor old King."—"And the new prayer book and church service for Emma," thought we.—"The pope, they say, will be proclaimed president of the French republic, Sir."—"And the Cowper for Edward must be purchased." "Lamartine managed to cool the people quite wonderful, Sir," broke in the shaver. "The shawl for Caroline"—"Great effect upon commerce, Sir; five thousand workmen employed by government, Sir."—"Must'nt forget to call at Peel's Coffee house for the papers."—"There, Sir, Louis Philippe himself could'nt have a cleaner shave." As we rise from the operation and take the dainty towel from his hand we feel a sort of grateful sensation, and rub our face with quite a pleasant gusto.

But the barber's chief glory was in his birds, of which he had a choice collection: piping bulfinches and redoubtable canaries; clean-feathered linnets and melodious skylarks; his shop was quite a little aviary. And he would hold forth in their praise with an eloquence truly edifying. "That lark, Sir," he would say, as he saw you looking towards the cage, "is worth at least ten shillings. One of the sweetest singers you ever heard."

And then our barber was president of the club that met at the Blue Lion, where he was considered quite an oracle. He has occupied that same chair to the left of the fire-place for thirty years; and even when he is absent none of the regular frequenters think of occupying it. Poor simple old soul, he really believes that the club could not get on without him. He is particularly great at Christmas time too, and mixes the annual bowl of punch with the skill of a master.

He is better known than any man in the parish: and though he looks so venerable and grave in his horn spectacles and clean white apron, is the best tempered and most respected old gossip in the place.

Brown is a famous story teller, and entertains the company with a veritable old ghost story, which is always sure to elicit the applause of his audience. And as for politics, there's no one, not even the squire himself, can come up to him in the strength of his arguments or the orthodoxy of his opinion. Quite a tory in his way, he has a great respect for the old times, and feels a sort of reverence for the glorious days "when George the Third was king." He can tell you anecdotes of Pitt and Walpole; and recollects when the Prince of Wales passed through the village as though it happened only yesterday.

All the boys in the village are fond of the barber, for he tells them stories as he cuts their hair, and makes kites and trap-balls better than the gamekeeper himself. And what is curious, he has not a bit of pride about him,—but feels a pleasure in imparting his knowledge upon any and all occasions. In fact, the barber is the factotum of the place, and retails news and gossip with his pennyworths of hair oil, or instructs you in the art and mystery of conversation, as he denudes your head of the superfluous hair.

If the barber is necessary to the village, the village is equally necessary to the barber,—for the village get its entertainment out of the barber, and he gets his living out of the village; so it is quite "a matter of reciprocity" as he himself is fond of saying. If you wish to see his portrait you have only to look in the engraving. Mr. Hunt has taken his likeness as accurately as if he had sat for it—and he might even have done that for aught we know to the contrary, for his fame is no mean one, but extends at least fifteen miles round his dwelling. God bless thee old man, and send thee many years.

THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

Perhaps no game of chance has excited more interest among the learned and thoughtful of all ages than chess. It is the most ancient in-door amusement of which we have any record. Homer speaks of it as having been played in the Trojan camp; and, from that time to the present, it has always been a favourite amusement with the studious. The picture before us is by the German painter Hasenclever, and is deservedly admired for the variety of expression given to the figures introduced, as well as for the general excellence and skill of the painting itself. "Check," says the player as he moves his queen to its place before the opposing king; and as he utters the word, he is scarcely able to repress a smile of triumph as he marks the confounded air of his opponent. All the lookers-on are intent upon the game, and each discovers his peculiar character as he watches its progress. The figure to the right hand smiles with a self-satisfied air as he falls back upon his elbow, thinking probably he could, and would, have made the same moves precisely to accomplish the same end. The thoughtful old man with his finger in his snuff-box exhibits less excitement, as he coolly gazes on the position; while the other spectators are variously moved with pleasure or vexation. The picture is one of very pleasing character, and the finish in the original painting is of the greatest skill and nicety. To those of our readers who are not acquainted with the game, we would seriously recommend its study, as one of much more pleasurable excitement than the vapidity of card playing; and as exhibiting far more of talent and skill in the player than any other mere amusement. For strengthening the thinking faculties, and giving stability to the character, we know of no game to equal chess, whether viewed as a scientific exertion of metaphysical talent, or taken up simply as a winter-evening pastime.

It is not our intention to induct the reader into the art and mystery of this noble game, as that would occupy far more space than we can give to a single engraving, and would not, even then, be understood without the aid of diagrams,—but we simply say, that such are the variety of moves and the complication of the various stratagems, that once learned, the game of chess affords almost endless entertainment to those who have patience and perseverance sufficient to acquire the art.

Some years since, the chess-playing world were astounded by the appearance of a wonderful automaton, who could beat all opponents. Napoleon himself is said to have tried his skill with the little wonder; but the conqueror of cities, the giver of crowns, found himself laid low upon the mimic battle-field. The figure was seated before a table upon which was arranged a chess-board and men. He was dressed as a Turk, and held a hookah pipe in his left hand;

with his right, which rested on a pad upon the table, he moved the men, always claiming the priority of move When he commenced playing he gave a tap with his hand, and after his opponent had made the advance, carried on the game with almost invariable success. The table was in the form of a box which was apparently filled with machinery, wound up previously to commencing a game, and the spectator heard a clicking sound, as of clock-work, during its progress. The machinery was regularly shown before the game began, so that all might appear fair and open, and the space within the box, with its wheels, weights and pedals, was allowed to be closely scrutinized. It must be mentioned however, that one half only of the folding doors was opened at a time, and the first side closed before the other was exhibited.

The most clever and scientific players went to see and oppose this automaton, but generally without success, and the greatest interest and excitement prevailed all over Europe—the chess-player astonishing all who witnessed his performances. The wonder even went so far as to produce from the pens of the most eminent authors and players various articles in the newspapers and magazines of the day, striving to prove or disprove the possibility of the phenomenon. The automaton was exhibited in London, Paris, Berlin, and the principal towns and cities of Europe, everywhere producing the greatest astonishment, and exciting the most opposite opinions. Challenges were given and received by the most celebrated chess-players in this and other countries, and always with the same result. The most minute and searching investigations were instituted to discover the secret, but without success. Various stratagems were tried to take the dumb player off his guard, but they did not succeed. They had recourse to false moves and wrong openings, but when these occurred, the Turk shook his head and waited till the right move had been made, or coolly removed the offending piece from the board. Everywhere the scientific were puzzled, though all agreed that there must be some trick or manœuvre which was not visible to the spectator. The box was apparently so full of machinery as not to allow room for the introduction of a hand even among it.

The deception—for it was a deception after all,—continued to be practised for several years; till at last it was discovered, though by what means we do not recollect, that the secret of the whole plan was in the fact of a boy being concealed within the box, who had the power of seeing the whole game and directing the hand of the automaton. We said that only one door was opened at a time; well, while the other door was being opened, the boy inside, who sat in a cramped position, moved the machinery from one end of the box to the other; so that, in fact, the whole affair was a mere ruse to deceive the public—and a very successful ruse it was, one by which the proprietor, or proprietors, made thousands of pounds. But it may be asked, how was the boy to play the game? First of all he was a most excellent player, and when he stood a chance of losing, the game was purposely prolonged till the exhibition closed; a broken game was never renewed, and the chess-men were re-arranged every time the exhibition took place. Immediately beneath the visible board was another precisely similar, upon which were certain small knobs made of steel, which represented the several pieces on the board above. In the foot of each piece was a powerful magnet, and as it was moved the corresponding piece beneath moved also. Air was admitted to the concealed player through the figure above, and he was enabled when the box was closed, to shift his position from side to side, the machinery being merely temporary, and made purposely to deceive and puzzle the beholder. This was the whole secret.

EARLY MORNING ON THE ITALIAN COAST.

The magnificent original of this painting by Claude Lorraine, forms one of the gems of the Louvre, at Paris. Considered as a work of art, it fully bears out the fame of the great Italian, whose life-like delineations have seldom—perhaps never—been surpassed. Born in a land of poetry and romance, possessed of truly original talent, and the most wonderful power of expresssion, Lorraine became famous, not only in his own country, but throughout Europe.

The picture before us represents a scene common enough at the time it was painted—a time when Venice boasted of being "mistress of the seas," and her Doge yearly went through the ceremony of throwing a ring into the tide and wedding the Adriatic; a time when Italian ships were to be found in every port, and Italian commerce and manufactures formed the staple of the civilized world: a time when the arts of Italy were the masterpieces of Europe, and her name powerful among the nations: a time when her merchants were indeed princes and her princes did not disdain to be merchants: a time when the glories of Rome, the living type of greatness, had not all diminished—then might the scene in the picture have been realized. Then, when her palaced shores were visited by ships from every land, and her marts crowded with foreigners and natives: then when the glory of her arts and arms was heard in every clime: then, when rich argosies came laden with the world's wealth into her every port: then when the shadow of a dreaming creed had not darkened the minds of men, and the pride of prelates had not driven commerce from the shores of Italy,—then was the picture painted.

Claude, at once the most celebrated and industrious of painters, found the incentive to excellence in Nature's self, and disdained to copy a less excellent model. "His studies," says his biographer, "were in the open fields, upon the plains, amid the mountains, on the banks of rivers, and upon the sea-coast, from dawn to sunset; ever taking lessons from nature herself. And it was by this diligent study and imitation of his great mistress, and by devoting all his energies, his genius, and his whole heart to the pursuit of excellence, that he climbed the highest steep of perfection, as a landscape painter, which has ever been attained." And who that looks on this "Early Morning on the Italian Coast," can doubt the truth of these assertions! The exquisite finish of the execution is only equalled by the feeling of the picture. And great as he was, his heart yearned, like that of all true genius, for something higher, holier, than he was destined ever to attain.

Might he not have felt with the Poet:—

"Here in sunlight—grown in stature—
In a world of light and life,
I awake to higher effort,
Warmer motion, fiercer strife.
Feeling still the more I know,
Greater thirst, intenser woe,
That my knowledge is so small
That I cannot fathom all."

And in painting this beautiful picture Claude doubtless saw more than is depicted on the canvas. In the vessels crowding to the shore he imagined, probably, hearts beating for the joys of home, and eyes longing to gaze upon absent loved ones; and hands ready to clasp another's ere while parted; and hopes, and fears, and joys such as none can know who have not dared the dangers of the mighty deep. He felt, we're sure, that there were expectant friends who looked out from castle wall and cottage-pane for those gay vessels, and watched their arrival into port with anxious eyes and beating hearts.

The crowded strand looks gay and animated; the merchant and the sailor, the rough adventurer and the gentlewoman, are side by side upon the shore; and the poetry of the scene is broken, naturally, by objects of more worldly interest than sunlit waves and flying streamers,—for there, we see the process of exchange and business going gaily on; and life, with its varied hopes and fears, actually passing before our eyes. Upon the terraced quay and wave-beaten sands are assembled merchants and seamen; while, close at hand, the maiden and the matron wait to greet with rapture, husband or lover, brother or friend. And thus it ever is,—the poetry of life is closely allied to its sterner realities, and the charm of the one is softened and dispelled by the plain matter of fact of the other.

This picture is remarkable for the beauty of what is called its linear perspective, its clear and life-like delineation, and its exquisite aërial effects. The engraver, Mr. Timms, has done full justice to the painting, and is entitled to much praise for the admirable manner in which he has worked out the artist's conception

THE REFUGEE FAMILY.

The charming picture from which our engraving is taken, is in the Louvre, at Paris, and forms one of a series painted by Jean Baptiste Greuze. Engravings from these works were made some years since in France, but they are now exceedingly rare.

The story is beautifully and simply told. The refugees, who suffered for conscience' sake, and were not allowed to peruse the word of God in their own land, are now assembled in a lowly cottage, far away from their old home, listening to the blessed words of "Him who spake as never man spake," from the mouth of His grey-haired and devoted servant. How admirably are the figures grouped around the speaker, as he proceeds to improve the passage he has just read. With his hand placed reverently on the sacred volume, he leans lovingly forward and explains the meaning of the words they so love to hear. Attention sits on every face but that of the child, who is slyly playing with the little dog upon the floor, and cannot understand, despite his grandmother's muttered "hush," the reason for their silence. The deep reverence on the faces of the kneeling women is admirably contrasted with the sort of forced attention of the youth in the background, who, with folded hands and covered head, seems to gaze upon the scene with a kind of stolid indifference. But we would not insist on this last expression, so difficult is it for a painter to represent a person doing nothing, without giving a sort of fixedness to the countenance. One can easily imagine, from the expression on the old man's face, that he bears no malice—has no evil thoughts towards those, who in the blindness of their mistaken zeal, have driven him forth in his old age to seek refuge in a bare, deserted cottage. His thoughts, as he expounds the "poor man's book," are no more with the past, but dwell in the glories of the hidden and mysterious future. He is

> 'Grateful to acknowledge whence His good
> Descends. Thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
> Directed in devotion to adore
> And worship God supreme."

The various accessories of the picture are managed with great skill; and the light is thrown in with a happy pencil. The bare walls present a strange contrast to the silver

tankard which lies in the basket on the floor — the last relic, probably, of a richer, but scarce happier, state.

The period intended to be represented in this and the next picture is probably soon after one of the numerous religious persecutions in France. It is well known that by the edict of Nantes, thousands of families were expatriated, and compelled to take refuge in this and other countries. But such times, thank God, have long passed away. The Bible need no longer be read in privacy, or in a foreign tongue, but is accessible to all; no longer chained, a dusty, black-lettered volume, to the cathedral pillar, but found on every poor man's shelf throughout the land: no longer the book of the rich and learned alone, but the household favourite of the people in every clime and tongue.

The picture is conceived with much taste and feeling; and though the artist's name is but imperfectly known in this country, we are sure our readers will thank us for presenting them with so beautiful a subject. The engraving is by Mr. Thomas Gilks, who has performed his task in an able and artistic manner.

THE COTTAGERS.

This is the companion picture to the last, by Jean Baptiste Greuze; and like it, forms part of the Louvre collection at Paris. Some of the same characters are introduced; and the Refugee family, becoming more inured to their way of life, have assumed the garb and habits of humble cottagers, and are apparently quite contented with their lot, if we may judge from the pleasant expression of the two women who are engaged in shelling peas, and the gratified air of the old man, who is entering the room with a fresh stock just gathered from the little garden. The boy with the milk is apparently the same one who, in the other picture is playing with the dog, only grown a little older, of course. Everything bespeaks increased comfort, and the impromptu table is clearly intended merely to serve the purpose of the moment. They have an attendant too, and as she turns her face towards the spectator, we think we can trace symptoms of good-natured and self-sacrificing temper shining out her bright eyes.

Winter and spring have passed away, and summer has come again, each succeeding season bringing its several cares and duties, its toils and pleasures.

"Come, sons of Summer, by whose toile
We are the Lords of Wine and Oile,
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first then reap our lands,
Crown'd with the ears of corne, now come,
And to the pipe sing Harvest-home;
Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart,
Drest up with all the country art.
* * * * *
About the Cart heare how they rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter."

These lines by Herrick express the occupations we may suppose to have engaged the cottagers: and then comes golden autumn, with its full ears of ripening corn and trees o'erladen with rich, blushing fruit:—

"Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounty showers; the fields are shorn;

Inwardly smiling the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips,
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field."

And winter comes again, when

" All green has vanished, save of pine and yew,
That still display their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly, with its berries red,
And the bright moss, that o'er the gravel spread."

But even this drear season has its duties and its pleasures; for then the earth, which has yielded up its strength during the sunny months, requires replenishing to fit it for the coming spring. " Nature," observes a celebrated author, " abounds everywhere. Our life, our means of living, depend upon a partial knowledge of it. And when we consider the variety of subjects, so varied — so beautiful—so well adapted for the fulfilment of their respective parts—can we doubt that a system so extensive, yet all connected, changeful, yet so constant; parts always decaying, and always renewing; ever changing, yet always the same—that they can be without a Maker more Mighty than it all." " The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." And gay, glorious Christmas—the Christmas we celebrate with so much joy and festivity,—crowns the year. Christmas with its fun and jollity; its shouts of merriment, and its loaded tables; its meetings of old friends, its warm receptions and its loving welcomes; its smiles and regrets, its loves and joys, its happy comings and its regretful partings—all these were felt, we're sure, by our dear friends the Cottagers.

The picture recals all this, and more. It is happily rendered on wood by Mr. Thomas Gilks, who has performed his task in a highly satisfactory manner.

PAUL POTTER'S STUDIO.

This picture is one of the most agreeable and successful of Lepoitteven's compositions. It records no particular event in the life of Paul Potter, but simply represents him sitting in the fields, as was his wont, and studying Nature from her own book. Paul Potter, the son of Peter Potter, an animal painter of second-rate importance, was born at Enkhuysen, in the Low Countries, in 1625. After employing the greater part of his youth in his father's studio, Paul made some sensation in his native country by the production of several cattle scenes, in which he displayed a remarkably correct taste, united to the most precise and careful style. A few years of labour sufficed to give him a position among the greatest painters of his time; and his works continue to sustain their character for fidelity and correctness of colouring to the present day. The chief attraction of his picture consists in their faithful reflex of the face of Nature. Aiming at nothing but the accurate representation of what was before him, his works possess a value quite intrinsic. Though he was properly an animal painter, his landscapes are deservedly esteemed. In his works we find no attempt at the ideal; no misty distances or obscure lights, but a clear, retiring background, studded with the well-known objects of his native country. He had no ambition for producing aught beyond a natural representation of what was constantly before him; but in that accuracy consists his chief merit. Paul Potter, though the son of a painter, owes little to parental example; on the contrary, the father derives from the son whatever celebrity he may possess. Potter was contemporary with several of the greatest painters the world has produced—Berghem, du Jardin, Ruysdael, and Wouvermans.

With Nature herself for his guide, it would have been strange indeed had he produced anything unworthy of his great name: but unseduced by pleasure and fearless of toil, Potter pursued his solitary tasks,—and great was his reward; a reward not ending merely with life, but enduring through all time. His pictures are distinguished by a minute attention to detail, and the most elaborate finish. An incessant observation of the various atmospheric changes enabled him to transfer to his canvas the most life-like representations of scenery; and whatever was striking in the landscape was sufficient with Potter for its pictorial illustration. His skies, in particular, are extremely faithful, warm, lustrous, and full of light; and his distances and shades are blended in the most harmonious manner. There is in all pictures an agreeable sweetness and variety that is sure to please, and his productions are certain always to meet a ready market.

Like the great master he has chosen for his model, Lepoittevin loves to picture scenes

of rural life Perfectly free from the yearning after the mysterious and horrible which distinguishes the works of many of his countrymen, the clever Frenchman delights to linger among country scenes and homely objects His smaller designs, by which he is principally known, are often nothing more than a few simple figures in the midst of an open landscape, but such is the force of his genius that, without the slightest attempt to render these "bijous" the vehicle of incident or story, he manages to invest them with an importance and value quite beside their apparent insignificance and simplicity. Notwithstanding the efforts of a host of imitators, Lepoitteven stands quite alone in his happy facility of selection and treatment, and none have hitherto been able to approach him in beauty and vigour of style. He has paid Potter the highest compliment one artist could render to another, and their names will henceforth be spoken together.

The picture before us is, in the words of Shakspere,

> "A piece of work
> So bravely done, so rich, that it does strive
> In workmanship and value; which I wondered,
> Could be so rarely and exactly wrought."

This charming scene needs no praise; its inherent accuracy must be apparent. It is the artist's most famous production, and it reflects the highest credit on his already well-known fame.

> "Simple Nature to his pains has given,
> Beyond the cloud-top't hill an humbler heaven."

And that this love of the true and beautiful can never be genuine except when it is derived from its pure source, is evidenced by the words of Reynolds, the celebrated critic:— "The works," says he, "whether of poets, painters, moralists or historians, which are built upon Nature, live for ever; while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits, a partial view of Nature, or the fluctuations of fashion, can only be coeval with that which raised them from obscurity."

THE MURDER DISCOVERED.

"That's a fine dog of yours." — "Yes, Sir," said the keeper.

"Do you always keep it muzzled?" I inquired.

"Why yes, Sir; you see, its dangerous to let a bloodhound go loose, at times; though we have found him useful more than once. There was when poor Nat Rayner was killed.

"Who was Nat Rayner?"

"He was our keeper here, sir; and as good a keeper as ever fired a gun."

"And he was killed: How?"

The keeper seemed unwilling to enter upon the story, which only made my curiosity the greater: so, walking on by his side as he went his rounds before going to bed, we talked on indifferent matters, till I asked him—were there many poachers in that part?"

"Poachers, sir; aye, a many of 'em, to be sure. There was Bill Cob—him as was hung for shooting Nat Rayner; he poached once too often."

"Ah! how was that?" said I, beginning to get an insight into the mystery.

"Well, sir, it happened a goodish while ago; and I have almost forgotten the particulars. But you see, Nat Rayner, who was keeper here, had been a poacher himself—and when the young squire took possession, he was made a sort of underkeeper; and he and I were employed about the preserves here. Well, sir, in course of time the old man, Ned Adams, died; and Nat, who was a good shot, and made a fairish sort of hand in looking after the game—for he knew all their haunts long before he was employed on the estate—was put in his place; and I took Nat's. Just then, work was very slack in the village; and there was a good deal of poaching, you see. Now, although I'm a keeper myself, and has to keep a pretty sharp look out after the lads, I don't altogether like the trade."

"Well, but Nat Rayner?"

"Aye, aye, I'm coming to that, sir. One night in the middle of the autumn—I was away at the time—as Nat was going his rounds, he came upon a party of chaps, who had taken advantage of Nat's being alone to snare a hare or two. Now Nat, having been a poacher himself, very civilly warned them off his master's land, telling them if they didn't go he should mark them—for he knew 'em, every one. And so they sulkily crossed the hedge and left Nat to pursue his way home. But it didn't end there; for when I came back in the morning I was surprised to find that Nat hadn't been home all night; and what was stranger still, nobody appeared to know anything about it. Lor' bless you, sir, if you had seen his poor wife, you'd ha' never forgotten it. She came to my cottage as pale and white as a corpse, and looking as wild as a witch. 'Why, Mary,' says I, 'what's the matter?' I needn't have asked, however; for I very soon found that Nat hadn't been

heard of. Poor soul, she had been out all the morning, and couldn't find him. Well sir, you may be sure I began to get frightened. So I soon saddled my horse, you see; and, taking Mary behind me, made my way to the hall as fast as I could. As soon as I told the squire, he ordered his horse, and telling me to call the servants, prepared to scour the woods in search of the lost man. It wasn't long, you may be sure, before the whole neighbourhood was roused, and every one turned out—for Nat was a great favourite."

"But didn't it strike you that he had been murdered?"

"Of course it did; but nobody liked to say so before his wife, who stood silent and tearless, listening to every word that was said, and almost dead with agony and fright. Well, we searched and searched all round the country, but without success. Everybody that we met, carters and labourers, and mole-catchers, we inquired of, had they seen Nat? but nobody knew. And so we continued to search till noon—for it was about six o'clock in the morning when we started—and when we got back we looked at each other like ghosts; everybody believing he was killed and nobody daring to say so. At last Mary, poor thing, suggested setting the bloodhound on the track; he would be sure to find him. 'By Heaven,' said the squire, 'I never thought of that. Bring out the dog.' So the hound was soon loosed—this same dog, sir,—and, giving him one of Nat's shoes to smell, at which he wagged his tail and looked pleased, off we set. Well, he went snuffing round and round; but there had been too many people tramping about the house all the morning to allow the dog to get the scent. Seeing this, the squire ordered us all to stand still; and taking the dog a little way from the house, led him to the track we had traversed before."

"And did the hound get the scent?"

"Aye, in a minute, sir. You may guess our surprise when we saw him taking the way to the wood we had just left, and go steadily on towards the Five-fields. Poor Mary, she looked distracted, and wrung her hands in despair; but the squire bidding her be calm and follow him, we went after the dog as fast as we could, Away went the squire and we all followed him,—men and women, about a couple of hundred—with Mary on my horse behind. The bloodhound never paused, but went straight to the Five-fields, baying and snuffing the ground in fierce and terrible eagerness. As he came into the middle of the wood, he stopped and smelt about him. We all looked at each other, afraid to speak, yet every one feeling that the murdered man was there. And, sure enough, in a minute the dog gave a fearful howl that went to my heart, and we hastened to the spot. We hadn't to stop long; for there, in the middle of a heap, lay poor Nat, with the dog howling and tearing the slight covering which concealed him. There he lay with his gun beside him; while close by was stretched his dog quite dead. They had shot the keeper in the scuffle, and murdered his dog. In too much haste to bury them they had just covered them with dry leaves and fled.'

"And the wife?"

"Ah, poor creature; it was a happy thing for her that she was never fully sensible of her loss. They both lay in one grave in the churchyard yonder."

"And the murderers, did you discover them?"

"Why yes, sir, it wasn't long before they found 'em. Bill Cob was hung, and three others transported; and though a keeper myself, I couldn't but pity 'em."

THE LOVERS.

THE subject illustrated by Mr. Cope may by some be considered romantic in its details, yet it is one that represents that agreeable era in existence, when the tenderest affections of the heart are evoked, and when love is triumphant for awhile over the more selfish and grovelling instincts of our nature. Love is a mystery too sublime for the comprehension of vulgar natures. It is the sole glory of Eden, which the curse entailed by sin has not tarnished. Love is not sensual nor calculating. Love is unselfish, all truthfulness, all devotion, all hope, all confidence. The season of love is the day-spring of life; its motives are uncontaminated by any of that worldly alloy which vitiates the purity of other passions; and it is not until love has withered, or its reign prematurely terminated by indifference, that less ethereal incentives to action animate the bosom. The mind is an ever-active principle, and can never remain entirely stagnant; hence, when the holy influences of love have ceased to regulate it, ambition, fame, fashion, the pursuit of money, and other earthly-born feelings contend for its adoration; but though, in each or all of these fancied desiderata, the Ultima Thule of distinction may be attained, the soul will be conscious of a vacancy, and the tongue be tempted to pronounce, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" a sentiment never experienced, and a verdict never uttered, in those golden and unclouded days, when Love was the sun under whose genial warmth the young blossoms of the heart expanded.

We do not suppose that our orthodoxy will be impugned, when we hazard a conjecture, that love was the brightest flower in Paradise, and that our first parents were the original lovers. At all events, we have for our belief the authority of the lyric Samson—the inspired Milton, the finest parts of whose imperishable poem are those which pourtray the progress of the divine passion, that had its source in Eden, and of which civilization and genius are the natural offspring. In the sacred volume, what touching examples are given of the sublimity of character imparted by love to its disciples. In a few words, how eloquently is the devotion which Jacob entertained for Rachel described,—a devotion rare, but not unparalleled in modern days:—"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he bare her."

The poets are eminently indebted to love; save for love, their craft had never been known; save for love, they had not achieved immortality; and when love shall have ceased to irradiate the world, their occupation will be gone. No ignoble historians have lovers found in the poets. Their hopes, their fears, their joys, their sorrows, their triumphs, and

their epitaphs, live in the undying archives of verse. By unrequited love inspired, the hapless Sappho poured forth, in those elegiac strains which bear her name, the lamentations of her wounded heart. The wreath of fame, but not the crown of love, was hers. And to hopeless, yet invulnerable love, we are indebted for those tender sonnets of Petrarch, which have wedded his name to that of Laura, the idol of his life, and the flame that kindled his genius. The unhappy loves of Mary Queen of Scots and David Rizzio, her minstrel-secretary, have been recorded in song; and how deep an insight into love's arcanum has our own Shakspere given in his legend of Romeo and Juliet. The poet "for all time" appears to have thought that love was too great a happiness for completion on earth, when he exclaims—

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

and true it is, that the re-union in heaven of affections untimely severed here, is one of the most delightful solaces of which the widowed heart is susceptible. The essence of love is fidelity, which neither death, nor time, nor distance, nor reverse, can enfeeble. True to that object which first enthralled affection, the image can never be obliterated from the soul, and the memory is an amulet, which carries us harmless over the breakers of temptation. How many a mourning spirit has learnt to sympathize with the tenderest effusion of Moore, once merely deemed a drawing-room ballad, but the philosophy of which has been expounded by affliction:

"Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled, as soon as shed,
'Twas Morning's winged dream,
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On Life's dull stream!"

To some persons lovers seem a very insipid class of folks; these narrow-minded observers cannot conceive the existence of a pure single-minded passion, founded upon esteem and inspired by excellence. They cannot conceive it possible that a lover can covet the permanent companionship of a gentle being, rich in the endowments of mind and heart, unless she be also affluent in tangible possessions.

THE INFANT HERCULES.

This is one of the best of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous productions, and affords another instance of how a common-place and outré subject becomes idealized and grows into beauty under the hand of a master. The genius of great painters is as frequently discovered in small unpretending compositions as in their larger and more ambitious works. This is peculiarly the case with Sir Joshua Reynolds. Originally a portrait-painter, he contrived to throw into his delineations something of the character, habit, and manner of the sitter; and, departing from the insipidity peculiar to mere portraits, he rose rapidly into fame; and his pictures are, even in this day, esteemed among the most valuable ornaments of our galleries and cabinets.

He was born at Plymton, in Devonshire, in 1723, and was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, from whom he received a respectable education. Like many other painters, Reynolds early displayed his penchant for the fine arts; and the father wisely seconding his son's predilection, placed him with Mr. Hudson, then considered the best artist of the day, from whom he acquired the rudiments of the art in which he was afterwards to become so illustrious. From some cause, never satisfactorily explained, he disagreed with his master, and, in 1743, returned to his father's house in Devonshire. The separation may be considered a fortunate circumstance—in fact, it was so considered by himself, as he then, instead of following in the path of his preceptor, struck out a manner of his own, in which he was entirely successful.

About the year he accompanied Captain, afterwards Lord Keppel, by whom he was warmly patronized, in a voyage up the Mediterranean, which enabled him to visit Rome, where he stayed some time, no doubt much to his improvement and advantage. In his notes to Du Fresnoy, he gives an account of his method, while at Venice, of discovering the principles of chiaro-scuro, adopted by the painters of that school; and confesses that, despite his early enthusiasm for the productions of the great masters of Italian art, he was greatly disappointed at the first sight of the works of Raphael in the Vatican. "Notwithstanding my disappointment," he says, "I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I beheld them again and again. I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time, a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me, and I was concerned that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art; and, since that time, having frequently revolved the subject in my mind,

I am of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great labour, and attention."

On his arrival in London, in 1752, he soon attracted public notice; and not long afterwards, the portrait of Admiral Keppel exhibited such great power and skill, that he immediately rose in the estimation of the discerning, and honours and riches speedily flowed in upon him on every side. His principal productions are portraits, though he has given to the world a great number of admirable historical designs. In 1769, having been instrumental in its formation, he was elected president of the Royal Academy; and from that time to 1790 he sent no less than two hundred and forty-four pictures to the Exhibition. The king, willing to give dignity to the new institution, conferred the honour of knighthood on its president,—an honour which has since been regularly bestowed on Sir Joshua's successors in the office.

He was no less celebrated as an author; and, though it was no part of the original design, he annually read lectures to the students on the distribution of the prizes. In his fifteenth discourse, he thus assigns the reasons for this course: "If prizes were to be given it appeared not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the president on the delivery of those prizes; and the president, for his own credit, would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting; and, by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none. I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future efforts." This laudable motive produced the fifteen discourses pronounced by Sir Joshua, a work which contains such a body of just criticism as must contribute no less to the improvement of the art than to the honour of their immortal author.

Sir Joshua Reynolds died on the 23rd of February, 1792, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the words of his friend, the illustrious Burke,

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most memorable men of his time. In taste, grace, facility, happy invention, and the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the ancient masters. In portraits he went beyond them: for he communicated to that description of the art, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who possessed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher. In the full affluence of fame, admired by the learned in science, courted by the great, carressed by sovereign powers, celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him. His talents and social virtues rendered him the centre of a variety of agreeable societies, which were dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy—too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time could be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow."

THE TRAMPERS.

This is another of Mr. Hunt's "pictures from life," and exhibits a scene familiar to such of our readers as are accustomed to travel in the midland counties in the summer time, or dare the positive dangers of an expedition into the interior of St. Giles' or Whitechapel in the winter. Almost all large towns and cities have their low, miserable, fever-haunted neighbourhoods; and there is scarcely a village from Thames to Tweed without its "rookery." In the windows of the wretched tenements which abound in the situations we have indicated, may occasionally be observed little badly-executed announcements like this:

Logins for Travelers.

In these "logins" the pariahs of civilization find refuge; and, for about threepence a night, the petty thieves, beggars, trampers, rogues, vagabonds, and bone-pickers, a great family of the street prowlers who are without the pale of society, and a vast number of those who have "seen better days" are filthily housed. Here may be discovered the street conjurer, the crossing sweeper, the sham beggar, and lazzaroni of our giant town; while unwashed babes are early initiated into the mysteries of deception and chicanery; and women whose beauty and prime have been sacrificed to the base uses of society are here associated with wretches more vile and, if possible, guilty than themselves. The mumbling old beggar and the drunken youth sit side by side; the shambling girl with a face of brass finds close companionship with the older sinner, the paralytic crone; and the broken tradesman sits opposite the bold-faced, blear-eyed, foul-mouthed, care-hardened, lost, and miserable jail-bird. Vice, no less than poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows; and if the walls of our courts and alleys, our Field-lanes, our Seven-dials and Mints, could speak, what tales of crime, and vice, and misesy, and want, and wretchedness — broken hearts and disappointed hopes—laws outraged and society defied—men without honour, women without shame, children without the semblance of youth, and grey hairs without the respect of age — violence, and wrong, and sorrow, — lives without law and deaths

without fear—late repentances and early graves, could they not tell! It is the sin and shame of the age in which we live that such things be.

But it is not in scenes like these that Mr. Hunt delights. His Trampers belong to quite a different locality and class. The scene of the picture is laid in the country, and his characters belong to the tribe of wandering field-workers whose precarious lives vacillate between petty stealing, haymaking, weed-picking, and fortune-telling. Dickens, in his Old Curiosity Shop, has well described the various fortunes and misfortunes of this wandering tribe. They are known to the farmers and small shopkeepers of country villages, and are the objects of virtuous indignation to officious overseers and gold-laced beadles; and it is for their especial advantage and behoof that boards announcing the pains and penalties of itinerancy are posted on the outskirts of quiet hamlets and suburban cross-roads.

Sun-burnt faces, capacious waists; hard-skinned hands and ill-shod feet; frowsy hair and tattered garments; brazen looks and foul language; loose notions of property and little respect for policemen; an intimacy with the interiors of workhouses and prisons; little reverence and less morality; more of the animal and less of the angel than is common with the sex; carelessness for life and little fear of death—these are the characteristics of the class.

But there are exceptions to this, as every other rule; and it is with the exceptional specimens of the variety we should least dislike to come in contact. The painter's trampers seem to belong to the better order of vagabonds—for one is engaged in peeling a turnip or potato, (pilfered probably from some roadside field,) and the other is busy in repairing some article of apparel. Neither do their faces betray an utter want of redeeming qualities; so that there is at least a hope of some better feelings of the woman remaining to sanctify the ruined temple of the soul.

The miserable mud hut, with its string of herrings, and no furniture; its broken walls and dropping roof; its filth and rottenness, seems scarcely fit for even them, depraved and worthless as they seem. And yet, gazing in the face of the younger woman, one cannot help feeling a sort of pity for her "beauty trodden in the dust;" her life of weariness and sordid misery; her blank, redeemless past, her miserable present; her dark and hopeless future. Oh that such sights and sounds should e'er be seen and heard in this enlightened age,—this age that boasts its virtues and its charities; its missions to the heathen and its sympathy for the poor! We allow a child to be nurtured in sin and to grow up in crime; and then, when it becomes a man, we visit upon its head the punishments of evil-doing. We let the tree grow crooked, and when it is deformed and graceless we cut it down for being so!

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